C A N A D A

M O N T H L Y

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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Land Commissioner.

J. L. DOUPE,
Asst. Land Commissioner.

BALLADE TO CECILE

BY ERNEST McGAFFEY

The flying years will rise and pass,
  The tides of being ebb and flow,
The individual and the mass
  Like shadows come, or shadows go,
The seven seas sway to and fro,
  The grape's red blood dissolve to wine,
This at the last is all I know:
  You, only, are my Valentine.

The moon beyond the grey morass
  Drifts with the cloud-wrack, sailing slow,
The night-wind's mingled reed and brass
  Now rises high, now whispers low,
Far southward is Orion's glow
  And overhead the Pleiads twine,
This at the last is all I know:
  You, only, are my Valentine.

All life is frail, all flesh is grass,
  However trends our joy or woe,
We melt like rain-drops on the glass
  The three weird sisters willed it so,
Across our graves the grasses blow
  Above our dust will bloom the vine,
This at the last is all I know:
  You, only, are my Valentine.

ENVOY

Sweet! under rue or mistletoe
  Yours was the soul that stood with mine;
This at the last is all I know:
  You, only, are my Valentine.

Drawn by Arno Bretsnyder

The New Manager—see page 231

TRANTER, STIFF AND RIGID, WAS LOOKING DOWN THE BARREL OF CARTON'S SIX-SHOOTER

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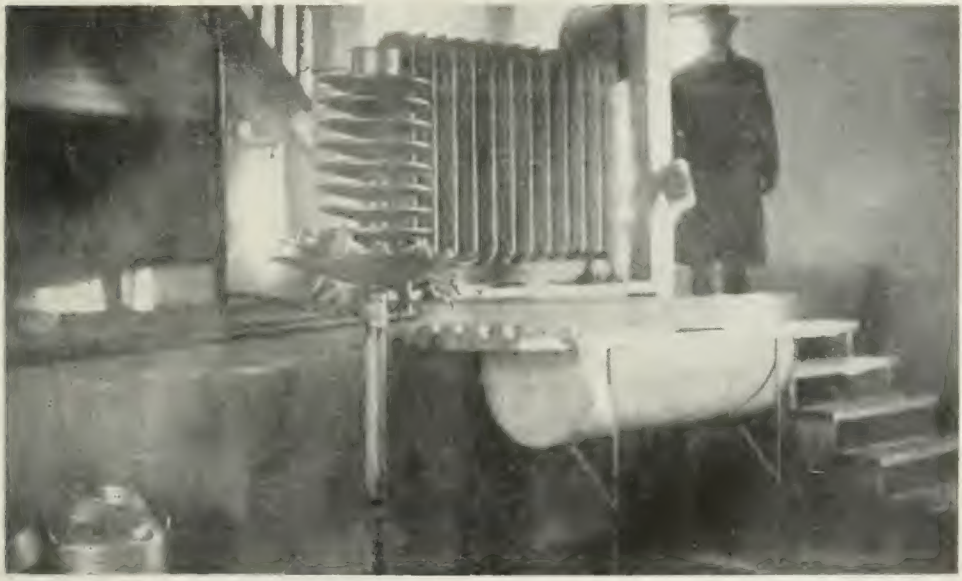


DAIRYING IN ALBERTA IS A RECOGNIZED INDUSTRY

SYSTEM IN THE BUTTERPAIL

BY AGNES DEANS CAMERON

Author of "The New North," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE Canadian province of Alberta is different. It is larger than Germany, it has been a province of Canada only three years, and it does things its own way.

Edmonton, its capital city, levies its rates on the single-tax system, its interurban railway is owned by the citizens, and the province at large is the absolute owner of the provincial system of telephones. But, perhaps, the most interesting economic innovation from an outsider's viewpoint is evidenced in the fact that in Alberta the government churns the cream and makes the butter. The Provincial Government maintains

at Calgary the largest and most important cold storage and dairy station in the West. The way this came about is interesting.

At the time the province of Alberta was formed the dairymen became dissatisfied with the private creameries then in operation throughout the country, and asked the Federal Government to take charge of these industries. The Dominion sympathized in the demand, sent out experts to size up the situation, and as an outcome of their investigation, organized a chain of co-operative creameries throughout Alberta. These admirable and well-run institutions are subject to the control of the patrons through boards of directors under absolute government management.

The farmers separate their milk on their own farms by means of hand-separators, and the cream is brought to the government dairy-station three or four times a week. The cream on its arrival is carefully weighed and tested, and at the end of every month each patron gets credit for his butter-equivalent and receives a cash advance from the creamery of ten cents per pound.

Every thirty days a cheque for the balance due each cream-contributor reaches him from the Department of Agriculture. The government makes a uniform charge of four cents per pound for its official butter-making, and one cent per pound is also levied for the creation of a fund to purchase buildings and machinery, of which asset the patrons are made part owners *pro rata*, according to their individual contributions.

The beneficial result of this paternal handling of the churn-dasher is readily seen. A settler having the means to buy half a dozen milch-cows is ensured a cash income from the moment he starts in to milk his first mooley-cow. The Government-stamped butter was first sold in British Columbia and the Yukon, now it crosses the Rocky Mountain continental-spine, is received at Vancouver and Victoria in the holds of waiting "Empresses" and the lordly boats of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha line and floats off across the blue Pacific to tickle the yellow palates of China, Japan, and the far Isles of the Orient. The creamery service inaugurated by the Dominion Government has since passed under the control of the Provincial Government of Alberta.

The dairying combination in golden

THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE GOVERNMENT DAIRY STATION HAS COMFORTABLE QUARTERS

Alberta is a most alluring one: inexhaustible abundance of the best possible food for cattle; marvellous native grasses, alfalfa, and peas; a neverlacking plethora of pure water; immunity from mosquitoes and flies. Then, when the farmer has separated his cream, there are the open doors of those paternal provincial creameries just waiting to gather in his creamy contribution and turn it into butter and sell it for him in the best market, all at the nominal charge of four cents per pound.

THE FARMERS BRING IN THEIR CREAM THREE TIMES A WEEK

Has the thing been a success? The figures tell the story. From less than four hundred pounds in 1902, the butter output of Alberta steadily increased until 1,050,536 pounds were co-operatively manufactured in 1906, and the increase has been by leaps and bounds since.

At the inception of its provincial existence, dairying in Southern Alberta was regarded as a sort of necessary evil, a present necessity to provide a little needful cash, but withal a mere makeshift to be abandoned as soon as the wheat and stock output became sufficiently large to supply the farmer with his immediate needs and the accessories and comforts of life.

But it is not so now. Dairying in Alberta is a recognized industry in the province, an industry which gives sufficient scope and satisfactory returns for the intelligence and ability devoted to it by the dairyman.

In order to make a co-operative creamery pay in Alberta in any district, the government has calculated that it must be assured of the regular output from four hundred cows. So far as our information goes, taking the average of over one thousand dairy herds in Alberta, of which we have accessible records, the butter-production per cow is about 100 pounds for the six summer months. Taking this figure as a basis, the creamery-butter output from four hundred cows will be in the neighborhood of 40,000 pounds, or 20 tons, a quantity which makes it possible for the government to keep its manufacturing-cost within the four-cents-per-pound charge made to the farmer. *Such are the virtues of system and co-operation.*

HIS FANCY HAD FORMED A MASTER FOR HIM OUT OF THAT STRANGE, INCESSANT CITY-MURMUR

THE INTERPRETER

BY EDWIN BALMER

ILLUSTRATED BY KATHARINE MACHARG BALMER

TO Kean, it was business, exchange—barter. Though a quarter million turned daily to his *Express* for counsel, hope and protection; though they made it, in trust, their speaker; and though half the city set and supported it, high-proclaimed guardian of them as their advisor and friend, it was all business to Kean—business and *his* business.

Merchant, therefore, and mere trader in news he was free to buy and sell whatever news he found cheapest, most popular and most profitable—murders, suicides, scandals, wrecks, catastrophes women ruined and all the shatterings of life. So it was a paying business indeed, the *Express*, and good business.

Yet somehow upon that *Express*—which was all business to Kean and to the hundred other hirelings of Kean's which made it profitable—somehow there was Trumbull. His name, the readers knew as little as any other unimportant detail about him. But they knew, as they caught up the *Express* one morning, that the blurs and blotches of sensations, the muddles of lies which for years they had been made to accept as news was not news. They read that morning, as usual, the leading story of the yesterday's inevitable tragedy in their city of two millions; but that morning somehow the daub and smear of horror was wiped away from the page and there was some strange thing besides sensation to them in that tragedy.

And the next day, as they read that man's story again, the same strange feeling gripped them. A month passed and still, though he covered and replaced the ghastly and sensational with the meaning of it all, still they followed his words to the end and dropped the paper.

But then—as suddenly and as without warning as he had been raised before the *Express's* readers, he dropped away. The blur and blotch which he had brushed from his portions of the page, covered it again. That was all An unknown newspaper man—a bright, clear light had flashed into being before them, burned, incandesced and was gone.

The tingle and thrill of the holidays were over the city. Christmas, with its brightest tokens of the full and prosperous year, held all the streets; and the emblems, from the simplest holly and evergreens in the smallest shop to the most elaborate display in the biggest store windows, everywhere

glistened and shone with the joy and spirit of the season.

For it was the Christmas season, with the clean, crisp cheer in the late December air pervading everyone. Even the beggars and fakirs crying their tinsel toys upon the sidewalks, instinctively silenced their professional whines and glanced about as though they knew they would not be forgotten. And to the cash girls and clerks hurrying by, glowing and red in the brisk noon sunshine; to the holiday shoppers and the others idling along contentedly in the festivity of the streets; to the young fathers and mothers bustling by with their children to the half dozen extra children's holiday matinees: to all, it seemed, Christmas had brought only its brightest and best; and it seemed very good to be alive that day.

It felt good indeed to be alive, Trumbull told himself gladly as he breasted the quickening tides of the street—good to be alive again with the full flush and surge of blood in his veins, full alive again that day. The glorious fever of his strength and power beat and pulsated hot within him and he smiled as he hurried along. Like one awakened and warm again and smiling at his shiver and cowardice in his dream, he smiled then at himself—the strange, incomprehensible self of yesterday and the two hundred dark yesterdays before.

Each other time since the terrible day now almost a year gone—the day the cocaine first failed and the drug threw over its short, false allegiance and turned openly against him—each time before when he had fought off the drug for a while, some of his old glow and warmth had come back. But never like this!

Always before, even in the struggles when he hurled his hypodermics through the window and swore frantically to die before touching them again, yet he had known that he would surely slink out for them afterwards and pick up the needles from the ash-heap and beg again the increasing dose from the apothecary's back window. But today something was telling him, quietingly and convincingly, that he would not.

It had come to him that morning when he had put up the hypodermics for the last time—quietly, he remembered, and with none of the old mad pledges and empty heroics. He had laid them simply upon the shelf; but he had known he would never take them down. And he knew it now in the fever of his strength—the strange hot fever of his strength which the drug had denied him so long and at last had let him suck again.

The feeling flashed him far back, long before he had ever known of drugs or thought of them—far back to the time when he had come as a little copy boy into the newspaper office and had thrilled and tingled so as he felt the beat of the news-heart of the city.

He remembered how, when he heard the outlines and the short, terse elements of the day's doings given to the city editor before the reporters wrote their stories, how even then the stories had formed themselves hotly in his mind in advance and how—yes how the shock of the written stories, when he read them, came to him, sickeningly sometimes, despairingly often, and then—inspiringly. He remembered how he used to hide himself on the

HIS EYES WERE STRAINING OVER THE PROOFS ON HIS DESK TO THE MEN BEYOND

corner windowsill, while the presses waited their work from the composing room, and the reporters' room, except for a chance message or two, was silent and still—and how, when the rest were going and he stayed there to stare out wonderingly into the great spotted blackness of the city, his fancy had formed a master for him out of that strange, incessant city-murmur. The sound of his city had come to him as the sounds of their seas and mountains had come to the aboriginal minds of his fathers long ago; and just as they had formed their gods from the voices of their elements, so the boy, lying with head raised to listen, made the city his master and stayed every night to speak to it when the work was done.

The boy's first fancy-forms soon passed, of course; but still the inspiration only grew. As his commander and master the city always kept rising before him obscuring Kean and the newspaper office. So to him the *Express* was always a very different thing from what it could be to Kean and to those who served Kean and went home when their copy was handed in.

And then, one night when the local room was emptied of the regular reporters and the cry of a catastrophe came into the office, Kean had no one to send but—Trumbull; and he sent him.

He recalled how, when he returned with all the story formed and fused together in the heat of his boy's fury, at last, trembling, he had sat down in the office to write it out for his master—his master which had spoken to him every night as he lay in the window and listened, and had told him how he should write. When he finished he drew himself back, calm and quiet. Kean himself had come into the office then; and, as the managing editor picked up the sheets, the boy watched without exultation how the words gripped that granite man and would not let him go. Without exultation, for he knew, even then, that they were not his words. And Kean himself had ordered the story upon the first page.

And then he remembered how, in the flush of his victory and in the freshness of his catch upon the city, Kean had sent him upon story after story and daily "played him up" and featured his work; and how in his triumph he had not spared himself. He knew that the others were only waiting confidently to see the thousands of readers he had mustered to him become as quickly disaffected, and desert. He knew that Kean was featuring him, willing to wear him out for the profit of the flurry he had created; and that then, squeezed forever, of all profit or use, he would be tossed aside. And at that bitterest moment, his strength had broken.

But he couldn't stop. He couldn't give up then and admit that his "vein" had been worked and had played out. He would show it to them permanent, vital, inexhaustible—if he had only a little more strength. He could not lose everything then when just a little something would save all — just a little something he would not need or anyway wouldn't take again after tomorrow—after tomorrow—tomorrow. So, what harm?

The cold March morning long ago had answered. Even the sunshine which streaked into his room was grey and dead and dull to all his senses. But it would brighten in a moment and his limpness and weakness go too—in a moment. He inserted the needle and waited. Then—of course! He had needed double the amount recently. Again he waited. Then a third dose. A fourth? What if it wasn't safe? The numbness and depression had to go—it *had* to go. It didn't though; but he dared take no more. He would be all right surely, by the time he reached the office. He must be. But when there he scarcely cared if they knew. He had no reserve to resist as they pulled up his sleeve and drew back. "Cocaine!" he remembered precisely the curl of their lips. "So it was cocaine that was writing for you!"

He could make no answer as he stumbled from the office where in ten years, he had dreamed his dream, fulfilled its realization and destroyed it. And for months since, in the fever of his fights, it had been cocaine. But now as he thrilled up with the surge of his old strength, somehow, somewhere, something told him it had returned to him to answer them.

The low winter sun, shaded already by the city's sheer cliff-buildings was beginning to fail. The sharper frost of the approaching twilight began to bite in the air of the darkening canyons of the city's streets. Yet in the calm, he found himself listening as he had listened, lifting his head from his windowsill, when the bells and alarms rang out and the blood flushed and choked him as he heard the cry of his master, the city. He checked himself suddenly, flushed, fearful and wondering; when suddenly, instantaneously as the giant puff of the blasting charge bursts from the side of the mountain, out from the grim granite wall to the right a great grey cloud shot forth; hovered over, concealing and enveloping, then lifted and cleared away. And as the mountain's wreck rends and grinds down, crushed and shivered, a hurling human mass hurtled out from the wall, reeled, toppled and fell, then gathered again with a crash and shriek, gruelled together and ground on to shatter itself in the street.

A thousand tongues trembled out the alarm; the terror of a thousand more trumpeted it forth; the frantic bells of the careering engines beat it against the sky. "The New Theatre is on fire!" they cried; and violently, uncontrollably as particles on a drum-head recoil and fling themselves to the spot where the membrane is battered, those thousands sprang up, hurled themselves to the theatre doors, blenched and shrank back.

Black and blinding as it leaped in pursuit, a great burst of gas and smoke followed and fled after the fugitive column; and with it the flames roared out, then fell back again before the firemen's floods. And from the doors, no more came forth.

"Everyone is out! They're all out!" the cry rose and ran joyfully, quickly through the streets. "They're all out!" it met the tumult choking in on every side. "They're all out!" the mass repeated as the speakers themselves pressed closer. "They're all out!" the mouths repeated mechanically as the eyes strained forward. For into the trap of blazing gas and smoke, half a hundred of those in advance had hurled themselves; a score staggered up again, as they fell, and thrashed their way in.

AS HE FOUGHT HIS WAY OUT, HE KNEW THAT THE EYES WERE STARING PAST AND BEYOND HIM

It seemed to Trumbull, as he fought inside, that his eyes were being battered back upon his brain—that the assaults of his sight, shattering upon his mind, must splinter and riddle it through. The blood boiling up through his swollen neck, burst from his nose; a chill, rank sweat soaked his clothes; and great tears started from his eyes.

He grasped the man who had flung himself in beside him and pleaded to him despairingly for denial of his delusion. But "They didn't all get out· These—these didn't get out! They didn't get out—they didn't get out!" he found himself crying over and over again. And the other stared back as wildly, pale and trembling. "They're dead," he repeated.

They were all dead. What if a boy's poor reason broke before it? They were dead. What if the murmur from without which rose with fear and fury, refused to credit or believe? All these within were dead. Already with hopeless alacrity the police were performing the single service left them. Lines with lanterns moved about and between them already men were being admitted to bear the dead forth. And somewhere in the awful silence within, a voice took command and boomed its directions in a deep monotone. Trumbull attended it tensely for an instant and then, as the stronger men admitted moved and ordered themselves to obey, he turned; and as the murmur again came in from the street, he stumbled and swung out to the foyer.

But as he came out, the moan and whistle of the thousand whispering voices, stifled suddenly and hissed away. In their hush and with the awe of the eyes of those thousands upon him, Trumbull came half way down; and then as they cried and called out to him and he felt the intolerable pressure of their eyes, suddenly with an uncanny sense of being blotted out, he knew that the eyes were staring past and beyond him.

Behind him a man bearing the first of the dead, reeled into the entrance; at his heels came another; then three more; then another. And in the street the throngs, tense and rooted, chafed a little and began to fret and stir. A seventh man lurched into sight; an eighth; a tenth.· The multitude, whimpering in its fright, roughened and bristled and began stretching and straining up. More men appeared; and still another. As the line continued the swaying mass in the street rose and held together, rocking to and fro upon its tip-toes; a wild, rebellious fever struck through it, welded it there in the crazed frenzy of its fear and dropped it back—a mob.

"The theatre is safe!" men murmured piteously to their fear. Staring into each other's eyes, they repeated it furiously and began again to believe, catching credence for their own words from their repetition from the others' lips. "The theatre," the avowal swept irresistibly through the rising tumult, "the new theatre is safe!"

They turned from each other then and stared in new fascination upon the theatre building before them. And indeed as far as they could see all its facing marble still gleamed white and unspotted in the grey light; its metal and lacquer were bright; the glass in its windows uncracked. Why—even the morning's snow upon the entrance awning was undisturbed. The theatre, of course, was safe:

And then they looked again and saw. And over that multitude as it fell back, a drugged stupor seemed creeping. Trumbull felt that where men had cried out and clamored to him at first without reason in their flushed faces, now they met him without sense or feeling or knowledge with eyes dull and cheeks bloodless and livid. And upon the multitude packed and clinging in that stupor, the impact of the bearers of the dead as they bore the bodies forth, could cause no further feeling, sense or realization. Still they came, as twilight failed and night fell suddenly; and still the multitude in the street stayed stunned, senseless and stupored. So that, Trumbull knew, though in all the rest of the world that night men must know that the theatre there had trapped the women and children who had crowded to its holiday matinee and snuffed out their lives, yet he knew that to those who stood there about him before the theatre and had seen it all, and to those too throughout all his stricken, murmuring city that night—to them alone, he knew, could come no meaning or realization of it.

At eleven o'clock in the city room of the *Express*, the story of the great theatre fire lay waiting Kean's approval.

Mr. Hardin, the city editor, fingered

the sheets complacently as he waited. Early this evening, when news of the full extent of the calamity at the theatre had reached the office, Kean had gone out; but his men had faithfully prepared the story and procured the pictures which would insure for Kean the next morning the best possible sale for his paper.

Yet as they heard the click of Kean's tread in the hall, they waited less complacently. They were used to a shrinking and a loss of the sense of their sufficiency at his aprroach; but now his presence brought with it a challenge which was new to them.

The copy and proofs which had been waiting him lay under his hands as he threw his weight upon his fingertips on the flat desk in the centre; but he was not looking down at them. His eyes were straining over them to the men who, as they had drawn back, had put the desk between themselves and the managing editor. The assail of his challenge jumped from one to another and probed them through; then, unanswered, dropped suddenly to the proofs upon the table.

His face hidden, the others saw only that his arms which had held rigid before, now trembled under the strain of his body; they broke under him; and slipping down into the chair beneath him, he dropped his head forward into his palms.

The long suck of his breath whistled audibly in the hush which deadened over the local room. Even the whir and click of the linotype machines on the floor below became distinct; then softly in little more than a whisper, came the low repetition from the reporter at the telephone in the corner who all that evening had been verifying the new names of the identified as they came in from the police stations.

The rest heard the slow roll mechanically; but the city editor noticed that, as the names were repeated, even the suck of the breath was checked in the form bent over the desk. Mr. Hardin leaned to the telephone upon a table beyond.

"Give me police—central station," he said. Then:

"Central police?....Is there anyone on your lists—"

The form bent over the desk, rigid before, petrified now. The city editor began again patiently.

"I want to know if you have anyone,' he said. "I mean give me, please, the latest identifications under K—all you have under K."

He turned his face away as he listened and then putting down the receiver, turned his back to the managing editor and faced the men.

"They have found and—and identified them, Hardin—Hardin?" the city editor was not conscious till afterward of the physical pain in the crush of his shoulders as he put down the receiver; for the iron fingers pressed into his flesh as Kean turned him about and held him before him.

"Yes, Hardin, I understand," he spared the weaker man as the other turned his face away. "My wife and—and Harry and Edith. Both—all—I—I couldn't find them myself; but—but one of you seem to have been able. I knew it when I first saw—those," he pointed to the proofs upon the table. "And the police have identified them—all, Hardin?"

"Them all," the city editor muttered.

The managing editor dropped him and fell back. His hand, released, struck the proofs upon the table and jerked spasmodically from them. He recovered himself almost at once, however, and turned with head raised and faced his men.

"Men," he said to them at last, "this means nothing to me now—to-night. It can mean nothing—little to any of—of *us* to-night. We sent all we had to the theatre and they haven't come back. I can say it, but it is only so many words to-night—and that is all—when I say I know they can never come back. It must be the same with all of —with all of us who sent their wife and children there too and haven't got them back. It can't mean much to us to-night," he repeated again. "Perhaps it would be better if it could; but it can't.

"The night," the strange Kean went

on, "the night, you know, is always still and empty anyhow. If we don't go into their rooms, we won't know that they're not there or—or if they are, that they are not just—just sleeping. But in the morning it must come. There's always stir and sound in the morning; yet even to-morrow when—when there won't be, we won't understand, at first. I'll—we'll listen and wait for it but—but it won't come. There'll be no voice or step in the hall; still at first we'll be waiting for it. For we can't—we won't be able to comprehend at first that just because we sent them to the play yesterday, we can never hear our wife's voice again or see her or touch her and that—that our children can never come to us again and I—we can never look down again at their pull on my sleeve. Even when we've given up waiting for them and have gone down to breakfast alone, we won't understand. We must stop every instant and look up and listen for them and then—then—"

He shrank suddenly away from the men and touching again the papers as if they burnt him, he pleaded with his hand above them:

"And then—and then, men, are you going to send me this? Are you going to tell us *this* way? My God, men," he begged, "don't send us this! Don't...." He gathered himself up with his old authority and dominance. "You're not going to send me this! You're not. You're not! But you are!"

He pulled himself violently from his outbreak.

"I don't mean that," he corrected. "I mean—there are a thousand homes in this city to-night where are men like me—and women too. They are the husbands and the fathers and the wives who sent theirs too to that theatre and shall never get them back. But they can't know that yet. Even if a few are told, they can only know it as I do to-night. They will wait for the morning before they can give up or admit it even to themselves. They must wait for the morning—for the morning? The *morning* will tell them nothing, men; the morning can tell them nothing and they are not waiting for that. They are waiting for the newspaper! They are waiting for the newspaper to come to them and tell them before they can accept what that silence means, and that it is not a mad dream which they have dreamed, and that—that theirs can never come back. Yes; they are waiting for the newspaper—for the newspaper—and you are to send the newspaper to them! But men—men you can't tell them this way! Oh you can't tell them—us—this way! You must tell them but—but so they can believe at least, if they can't bear it! For they won't understand it at all at first; but you must help them. They think—they believe that their—*theirs*, though they haven't come home, must have got out somehow and that theirs must be at a hospital or a hotel and not—not in those black rows in the stations. But you have got to tell them that they are there and—and you must tell them so that they can go back and take them.

"Yes; men, to-night you must tell them so that they can believe, I say, that theirs are—where they are and that they may go there and take them. And when you tell them, you must give them some reason for it—some reason and put some—oh some, some sense into it, men, or they won't believe. They'll say that it can't be so and that it isn't and they'll throw it all away. But you must bear it to them again. You—they wait for you to-night; they turn to you and look to you and you—you—"

He seemed to see for the first time the individuals before him; and the words broke in his throat. There was Dawson, his seller of the sensational; Cardan, his huckster of news, Jackson, Lassen and the dozen others whom he, Kean, had hired and who held their positions under him for their capacity to prepare news for sale as they had prepared this for sale—and little else. Wildly, terribly, while they felt it too and cringed back from him and he hated them and despised them, yet again he tried to call upon them; but as the words choked and stifled in his throat and the blood pounded dizzily in his brain, he started toward them suddenly.

"Where—where is Trumbull?" he cried. "Oh where is—Trumbull? Hardin—Hardin," he called madly. "Where is Trumbull? Why is he not here?"

"Trumbull!" the city editor gripped himself up and echoed hopelessly, "Trum-bull, Mr. Kean—Trumbull is—is—"

"Stop! I know! I remember, Hardin. Stop!" he struggled up again desperately, fighting for his former command as he faced his men again.

"You!" he charged terribly. "You—yes, you—you have to do it! You men—yes, you have to do it! You—I'll wait for it in the composing room below!"

They listened without sound or move while his steps thudded over the flags in the hall, muffled upon the stairs, then thudded again in the hall below till the slam of the composing room door ended them. The confusion of voices arose. It was half past eleven; but, as the city editor glanced about, he sat back and waited helplessly. A damp sheet, giving a few later items, shot up through the tube and he seized upon it and corrected it absorbedly—so absorbedly that he seemed not to hear the door of the local room open again; but suddenly, in the new presence, he sprang up.

"Trumbull!" he articulated dazed. He put forth his hand and fingered the cloth of the other's sleeve dully. Trumbull!"

The other shook him off, unconscious that he did so. He seemed drugged and heavy in his movements; but as they looked closer, they saw that his limbs were really being held rigid in a violent control except for an almost imperceptible quiver as the blood jumped irregularly through his arteries and tingled in red patches under his skin. Still unconscious of the others shouldering about him and even of the city editor at his elbow, he turned from the proofs upon the table.

He looked up from them and as he grasped the city editor's sleeve and stood a moment staring past and beyond them all and out to the great, black waiting city, Mr. Hardin felt his impulse, as long ago, and his thrill.

"Trumbull!" he murmured again. "Trumbull!"

And to the managing editor, shifting and replacing and shifting again the make up of the forms as he tried to busy himself in the composing room below, the story of the great theatre fire came down in the little brass carriers through the pneumatic tube, page by page as it was written. And as it came, it silenced for him the rattle and clang of the machines; even the bustle of the men making up the forms beside him, it hushed and made far away. For in the cloister which the words closed about him, the story of the death of his own was told to Kean; told, as he had pleaded that it be told, without fear or horror in it. His loss came to him, and the loss of the others would come to them, as part of the whole people; and yet it was personal, for it comforted him. The death of his was not a thing ghastly and terrible, a senseless, useless deprivation, but something accomplished for an end and with a reason. The death of his and of those who died with them was no longer vain and incredible; but had come to call to all the nation and all the people, of which they were a part, in a voice that must be heard to make the lives of the nation's thousands, millions and tens of millions in every building, home, hotel and factory safer from that day forever.

And then facing the fact of death—death now noble and triumphant, but still death—the words began to come with a strange hope and comfort, the strange comfort and surety which he alone can give who himself faces the darkness and is unafraid. And to the managing editor for the moment as he caught the sublimity and disregard of those words, there was gone the suffering from the death of his; and there remained only the peace of its attainment.

In the local room above, as Kean opened the door, the dozen men within were grouped about one who had fallen. The city editor was kneeling and trying to raise him; but as Kean broke through the circle and recognized

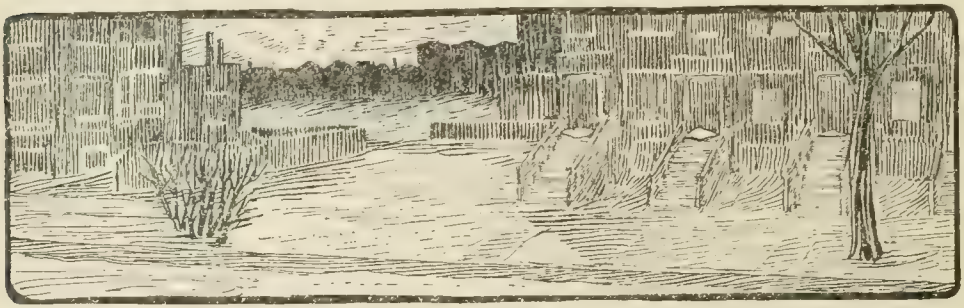
him, he took the still form from the city editor and supported it in his arms. Trumbull opened his eyes and recognized the man who held him and the new meaning of his pressure against him, but his eyes closed again and he shuddered helplessly in the chill convulsion of his collapse. Kean held him closer.

"Cocaine!" some one cried quickly. "Get cocaine!"

But Kean's head jerked up and he silenced him. He took one arm from about the other's frame and tearing open his coat and vest and holding the reporter so close that he must feel the hot life and beat and warmth of his heart, he revived him.

From far below came a rumble; then settling to their continuous rush, came the roar of the great presses. And out to the silent, echoing homes throughout all the city where men waited with white lips for his message, the newspapers began to go.

The strain on the figure in Kean's arms relaxed; but the managing editor only caught him closer and held him against him till the collapse was over and the blood began to run warm again and his strength return.



THEY ARE WAITING FOR THE MORNING—WAITING FOR THE NEWSPAPER

OPTIMISM

BY C. L. ARMSTRONG

SOMEWHERE
On this jolly, round old earth
A warm and radiant
Sun
Is always shining,
And the cloud we see to-day
Will, to-morrow,
Fade away
And leave
Just
A silver lining.

THE NEW MANAGER

BY JESSIE M. ORCHARD

ILLUSTRATED BY ARNO BRETSNYDER (SEE FRONTISPIECE)

"I AM sorry, but—I think there is some mistake."

"There is no mistake. You advertised for a competent manager for a cattle ranch in British Columbia, and—I am he."

"But I have only your word for it. You inform me that you left your recommendations behind."

Angus Carton flushed at the implied accusation. "Up to now," he said, in tones as haughty as those of the girl were scornful, "my word has never been doubted."

Brenda Mortimer shrugged her shoulders. "If less were at stake I might wish to take chances on proving it for myself. As it is—" she paused.

"As it is," Carton returned, in measured utterance, "I am to understand that you wish me to leave as soon as possible. In your eyes I am a deliberate impostor, as well as a useless greenhorn." His face hardened as he drily added: "Allow me to tell you, Miss Mortimer, that had you given me an inkling of your sex in the advertisement that I have been so unfortunate as to answer, I should have been saved the journey here."

For a moment there was silence. Then it was suddenly broken by the sound of hurrying feet. They mounted the verandah steps, and a lad came racing up to the door of the room in which Brenda and Carton stood facing each other.

"Miss Brenda," he said, quickly. "There's trouble with the men. They say that you are to—" he hesitated, and glanced at Carton—"send off this new manager and take on Maxwell again. Tranter called me into the bunkhouse just now and told me to come up and tell you so. Else there'll be doin's. They'll ride him off the ranch to-morrow mornin' sure if you don't give him the go-by yourself."

The girl laughed contemptuously. "You see why I wanted experienced help," she remarked to Carton. "I want a capable, strong-willed man to take these insolent wretches in hand. Up to now I've been able to do it myself, but I admit they're getting beyond me at last. For the present, though, I'll let them see that I am mistress here still." She addressed herself to the boy again. "Tom, go back and tell Tranter and the rest what I say—that I will not have that drunken brute, Maxwell, back again to encourage them in laziness and impudence. I am running this place, not Maxwell, and all their bluster will not scare me in the least. I shall go my own way just the same."

And, as the boy tramped off in the direction of the bunkhouse, she observed, with another little laugh: "You see, Mr. Carton, the men seem to be in the same mind about you as myself."

"With this difference," he said, concisely, intentionally returning her rudeness, "that they treat you like this because they know you; if they treat me in the same manner, it is because they don't know me."

She looked at him with an angry sparkle in her eye, and found him regarding her intently.

"Do you still, in the face of what you have just heard, wish me to go?" he inquired.

She nodded, too offended to answer politely, and he looked at her in astonishment. Was she so ignorant of her peril, so oblivious of the rough treatment to which she and her property were exposed that she could afford to treat him as she did. Here was she, a mere girl, an orphan, owning the big ranch with some two thousand head of cattle, intending to continue its supervision, yet evidently so unaware of the temper of the rangers that she believed

she could defy them and their ringleaders with impunity. With quick intuition she guessed the trend of his thoughts.

"I am not a tyro at this sort of thing," she informed him, proudly. "My father had trouble sometimes with the men when he was alive. I have lived on the ranch a good deal since I left college, and know almost as much as he did about the management in a general way. I am dealing with the boys as he would have done, and no suggestions of possible unpleasantness to follow shall make me alter my treatment of them." And as if to end the subject she slipped off the quirt that hung by its thong to her wrist, and throwing it aside, dropped into one of the lounge chairs placed on the wide verandah.

Excitement had deepened the carmine that underlay the healthy brown of her cheek. Her dark eyes glowed brilliantly beneath the wide-brimmed sombrero. She was a striking-looking girl under any circumstances, yet, strange to say, her looks did not appeal to Carton so much as her queer, unconventional ways, and her brusque treatment of himself.

He was not an ordinary type of man himself. Calm in temperament, possessing an iron will and steady, unflinching nerve, living in the open, and accustomed to handling men, cattle and horses all his life in preference to the restrictions of town and the narrow conventions of society, he had unavoidably developed a personality far different from that owned by the general run of mankind. Consequently, Brenda's disparaging criticism of himself amused rather than angered him, while her bluntly-expressed doubts of his intelligence and ability only made him the more determined to exert them on her behalf. He had come to the ranch intending to stay, and he would not be driven away by a captious girl or a handful of ill-conditioned rangers.

He had recently sold his own ranch on the great prairie land of Canada, and, tiring of the city life in Vancouver, where he had taken up his residence, had answered Brenda's advertisement with the view of finding out whether he would care to settle in the western part of the country himself. It was annoying, therefore, to find on descending from the wagon that had brought him from the station that the young woman who had just ridden up to the house was his prospective boss. When, too, after eyeing him critically, she calmly proceeded to decline his services, on the score of his oversight with regard to his recommendations, his astonishment changed into active displeasure. Later developments, however, only caused him to smile at the feminine unreasonableness which prompted her to reject him without a trial for so trivial a cause. She seemed entirely to forget that the circumstances in which she was placed might shortly make her wish for an ally on whom she might depend. Moreover, her unconscious helplessness had aroused his chivalrous instincts, while the impudent assurance of the message respecting himself only made him the more determined to stay where he was until he chose to depart on his own account.

Therefore, when she presently announced her intention of paying the rebellious cowboys off that very night he was glad of his resolution. He knew, if she did not, the rashness of taking such a step without adequate means to enforce her orders.

"I have all the pay-sheets fixed up to date," she told him; "so I shall have no bother on that score."

"That is well," he gravely rejoined, "for I fear you will find that the measure you propose will give you sufficient trouble as it is."

She made an impatient movement. "You seem to think I am absolutely mad!" she cried, angrily. "There are some of the men who are faithful to me. I should not be so ridiculous as to think that I could get rid of all the others if I had nobody to back me up. Of course I can manage them!"

Carton again smiled to himself as he looked down at her. In her short leather skirt and loose blouse, the latter open at the throat for the sake of coolness, she looked almost childishly youthful; but there was arrogant womanhood in the derisive superiority of the glance she gave him whilst inti-

mating the full sum of her powers, as well as girlish impetuosity in the impatient beating of her spurred boot-heel on the floor.

"Spoilt child!" was Carton's inward comment. Aloud, he said good-humoredly: "Well, Miss Mortimer, with your permission I'll go and rescue my baggage. I fancy it was taken round to the outbuildings and there's no knowing what tricks these pet lambs of yours may be up to. If possible, I should prefer to have it carted back intact to the station to-morrow." He allowed himself this much of deceit, for he judged it best not to tell her just then of his intention to remain. So, declining her conventionally expressed invitation to take supper with her, he said he would get something to eat at the men's quarters instead, and went off on a tour of inspection.

He found, as he expected, that things were in a bad way. The stables, cattle-sheds and hay-barns were in a state of dirt and disorder. Saddles, bridles, pails and brooms had been flung down anywhere on the refuse-bestrewn floors, while, outside, the corral-fences were dangerously weak in many places, and he noticed that a quantity of hides had been left to rot on the ground.

When the cook hammered supper on the iron triangle that hung at the door of the eating-house, Carton with the rest obeyed the summons, and found himself in the midst of a vociferous and angry crowd. The mutinous rangers had just received Brenda's orders to be at the office by seven o'clock to receive what was due to them, and they were inflaming themselves by noisily discussing the matter. Two or three surlily accosted Carton as he entered, roughly intimating that he was the instigator of the summons; but when he blandly informed them that he also had been told by Miss Mortimer to go, they changed their tune, and openly said that they would refuse to quit. Carton's blood boiled as he heard their bragging assertions of being able to dictate their own terms to Brenda, and so intimidate her that she would be compelled to take back the previous manager.

Thus, later on, it was a pale, scared girl who stood facing a turbulent crew of men outside the office door. On a table before her were envelopes with each man's pay in it, which one and all when called up had refused to take. They bluntly told her that unless they were given a month's pay for being fired, they did not intend to go; covertly hinted that she was practically a prisoner in their hands, and wound up by saying that they were ready to resume work as usual, provided she agreed to let Maxwell return to the ranch. Brenda stood helplessly looking at them. Three men and the youth, Tom, were behind her chair, apparently as incapable of action as herself. They were all listening to the oration that Tranter, a swarthy, black-bearded man, was just concluding.

"Let us have Maxwell back, and we'll do the square thing. If not, the boys'll cut up rough. Send us off if you want to, but we'll take good care to hold the cattle till we get our money. And like as not we'll take 'em with us as it is."

Brenda trembled visibly, but her pluck had not all evaporated yet. "You cowards!" she broke out; then stopped with a gasp of relief. From around the corner of the office a man had come quietly to her side.

"Miss Mortimer," Carton said, calmly, "let me settle these men for you." Then he turned like lightning on the throng before him. He did not appear to raise his voice, but every word cut like a knife.

"I remember you, Tranter, or Pete Ellis, as your name used to be. Who set fire last year to the granaries at Red Gulch because you were dismissed for disorderly conduct? I fancy you are still wanted by the police for that, my friend. Apparently you've gone out of the fire-bug business, and bully women instead."

The man addressed started forward with upraised fists, and, using fearful language, denied the truth of what Carton said.

"You've grown a beard since then, and your talk and your clothing are dirtier," Carton returned, nonchalantly; "but you're Pete Ellis just the same. I can see part of the scar that

runs from your cheek to the side of your mouth, though you have tried to hide it by growing whiskers. Don't try to fool me."

Tranter brought himself up short, his face working with rage, and Carton, still in the same level, forceful tone, proceeded:

"Boys! Miss Mortimer is right, and I'll stand to prove it. So you'll just take your time up to date and be away from this ranch in half an hour—every man-Jack of you. And here's another for you. The man who interferes with hair or hide of a single beef will have Carton to reckon with. And, after me, the law—as hard as I can make it for him. So now, get! The whole lot of you. Up to the table you come. Take your money, and vamoose!"

His tone and manner had changed in an instant. Peremptory, incisive, alert, the rangers in a body instinctively submitted to his control, and went up to the table in sullen silence. All but Tranter. He sprang with blazing eyes and the growl of a wild beast at Carton, whirling his mighty arms aloft as he rushed. Brenda screamed and closed her eyes. But dead silence ensued: there was no sound of a blow or fall; and she looked up again. Tranter, stiff and rigid, was looking down the barrel of Carton's six-shooter.

"Now, Mr. Tranter, perhaps you'll take your money," the latter observed, dropping his voice to its former quiet. And without further demur the man went up to Brenda to receive it.

"But I'll have my day yet!" he said, glancing back with a final oath at Carton, as he put the bills in his wallet and went away.

Carton merely inclined his head. He had the whip hand. There was no need to crow any more.

After the men, one by one, had gone, and they were left alone, Brenda suddenly hid her face in her hands, and began to sob. Carton's jaw almost dropped. In this dilemma he did not know how to act. Except his sisters years ago in their childish days, no woman had ever wept in front of him. He could face angry men, handle enraged cattle, and break in the wildest horses; but a weeping girl was a fearsome thing. And in his consternation, with some vague reminiscence of a mother he had once seen with a screaming or choking child, he patted Brenda heavily between the shoulders by way of administering a wholesome and soothing remedy. She started up with flaming cheeks.

"How dare you—how dare you—touch me, insult me like that!" she cried. And before he could utter a word in self-defence she had rushed from the office and flown, like a wild thing, back to the house.

For a moment he stood looking after her in amazed perplexity. Certainly he did not understand women! But pressing matters were on hand, and he went off to find Tom and the two or three men on whom he could depend.

Having interviewed them he rode out to inspect the cattle, took a look at the land, and occupied himself in various ways until dusk. He found on his return to the men's quarters that the manager's shack had been placed at his disposal by Brenda, and preparations made for his occupying it during the night. But the night was hot and sultry. He did not sleep inside, preferring a hammock and the mosquitoes in the porch: and with his pipe in his mouth lay there considering how best to arrange the affairs of the ranch. He laughed to himself when he suddenly discovered how entirely he had left the owner out of his calculations.

"But then she's such a kid. She's no idea of what ought to be done," was his last thought before he finally turned over and slept.

And in the meantime the "kid," with bright eyes and a beating heart, was going over one by one the incidents of the day in which this quiet, masterful man had taken part. She blushed for shame when she remembered that, because he had not flourished a sheaf of credentials in her face she had practically accused him of being a cheat and a useless nonentity.

The next morning Carton was up long before the first gong, piling rubbish into a wagon which stood awaiting the team. To his surprise he presently found Brenda at his side.

"Mr. Carton," she began, hesitat-

ingly, "I did not thank you for your help last evening. I do so now with all my heart. I cannot imagine what would have become of me without you. And—will you forgive the way in which I treated you at first?"

With a wholly new and half-shy manner she put out her hand, slowly, as if doubtful whether he would take it. But Carton grasped it cordially.

"That's all right," he returned, heartily, "You were wise to treat me with the caution you did. You've nobody to look after you but yourself. And now," he added, "I suppose after what you've said I ought to ask your pardon for butting in on your business yesterday with the men."

They both laughed, and after some discussion of the day's plans Brenda went away contented. She had waited in intense trepidation fearing to hear that Carton was leaving in accordance with her wish of the preceding day.

He leaned on his fork and looked thoughtfully after her. In her white morning dress, with its plain turn-down collar, and neatly belted waist, she appeared a different creature from the half-pert hoyden of yesterday. This was an altogether gentler, more womanly being, and he wondered what had produced the change. But time was flying, and Carton fell to working again. Directly he had dispatched his breakfast he saddled up. He was going to the town, ten miles distant, to see what men he could find to take the place of those who had left. Before he started, he went to the bungalow to inquire if Brenda had any commissions for him to execute, and found her busily engaged in cake-making. Her sleeves were rolled up, and her pretty rounded arms plunged in the bowl of ingredients before her. There was a dab of flour on her nose, and Carton stood looking at it, and her, forgetting what he had come for. It had never struck him till then how adorable a girl could look wearing a large blue overall, and with a floury mark on her nose. And it was only the sight of her blushes at his prolonged regard that recalled him to himself and made him hastily tell her what he had come for, while all the way into town there hovered before his eyes an alluring vision of a dark-eyed girl bending lightly over a pastry-board with cheeks that went rose-pink each time she caught his eye upon her.

The ranch gradually began to get into better shape with Carton as overseer, and everything was going smoothly until, about a fortnight later, he was startled from sleep by a series of sudden, sharp reports in the home pasture, where about five hundred head of cattle had been collected. He shouted to rouse the men in the bunkhouse, and within five minutes was on his horse and galloping towards the spot where evidently some dynamite cartridges had maliciously been placed. But every beast was already on its feet and tearing madly forward in the direction of Boulder River. Nothing would save them unless he could turn them from their course, and this he determined to try to do. He had a fast horse under him, and soon forged ahead. At first he had been behind the stragglers, then he crept up until he was almost abreast of the leaders.

Yet it seemed impossible to save the herd. If only he could head off the frenzied creatures in front and swing them well to the right all danger would be avoided, as the others would immediately follow. But the time now was so short for this to be done. Each minute brought them nearer the turbulent stream; the ground was dipping; and the pace was accelerating. To make matters worse they were crossing a rough, broken spot where the slightest trip on the part of his broncho would mean a fall from which neither could rise again. The hoofs of the infuriated animals by whose side he was now closely riding would pound them instantly to death.

But Carton did not hesitate. It was worth the risk, and he held himself partly responsible for this stampede. He should have set more guards, and watched more carefully, remembering Tranter's threat. And he bent himself lower over his saddle, urging on his horse still more desperately. He was conscious that one of the hands was following close on his heels. Two of them could possibly turn the herd. It was a chance, and fortune presently

favored them. A rocky knoll deflected the leaders slightly from their course. They swayed to the right, keeping to the lower ground, and now was the men's opportunity. They charged the slope, raced up to the summit, swept down the other side in one terrific, headlong rush, and had gained the leaders before they could round the corner of the hillock. Then, by dint of yelling madly, and slashing at them with their stockwhips, they soon had them swerving safely away from the river, and finally, after repeated charges and shouting the whole mass was gradually manœuvred into one huge revolving circle that turned more and more slowly until the exhausted animals stumblingly came to rest. At last, able to relax his concentration upon the herd, Carton wiped his brow and called out cheerfully to the man behind him.

"Well," he said, "I guess we've got out of that by the skin of our teeth."

The other did not reply immediately, but he lifted his head, and, in the light of the early dawn, Carton saw that it was not a man but Brenda who had followed him.

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated, thunderstruck, "Brenda—Miss Mortimer! What on earth are you doing out here!" he spoke almost roughly, so overwhelmed with consternation was he at realizing the risks she had run.

"I have done this before—with father," she said, riding slowly up to him. "And why shouldn't I help to protect my property! I expected something of the sort to happen after the row with the men. I knew you couldn't spare more men to watch at night, so I used to sit up, too, and kept Peter always saddled and fastened to the verandah so as to be ready to start off if necessary. But, of course, you think me unwomanly for riding out like this!" And she looked at him with a touch of the old defiance in her eyes.

"I don't," he returned, strenuously. "I should never think you that. I only thought of the danger. Child, you might have been killed!" he cried, with a sudden break in his voice.

"And no one would care," she rejoined, nervelessly, pale and weary now that the strain and excitement were over. There was the sound of a half-stifled sob in her throat.

"I should!" And his voice was low and tense. He had dismounted, and stood, looking up at her, one hand on Peter's bridle, the other, entreatingly seeking hers. "Brenda—sweetheart! I never accepted the dismissal you gave me. Tell me, am I to take it now? What is my fate to be ?"

Light came into Brenda's eyes as she met his ardent, anxious look. She gave a sudden, happy laugh. "My manager—always!" she whispered.

TWILIGHT IN TOWN

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

THE city hurries past with brazen feet,
A thousand things are at my hand to do;
And then the pale dream-children come and pull
At my swift-flying hands and busy heart.
Frail ravelled shreds and silken strands of song
Net my unheeding feet and mist my eyes,
Till, mazed among my figures, I look up;
See the lamps lighted, and above the smoke,
The clear, pale, pitying glory of a star.

The Ramferinkus

By W. D. Eaton

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

FROM the big tents glowing dull yellow softly came the sound of the circus band. Back of the dressing tent a few of the hands were lying to each other in an interval of leisure. The transfer wagons bulked against the dim lights of a distant street. It was a peaceful night, and moonless.

The old circus man sat removed, subsiding after a remarkable demonstration of the comminatory possibilities of English speech. He had been recalled from the "paper car," away out in advance, to straighten a tangled printing order, and his hour with "the old man" had been one of trial, aggravated by what he had been compelled to hear about the efficiency of certain press agents.

"Hawt air," said he. "Some of these kiddos in the circus business has got to learn that a show ain't run by press agents. A show ain't nawthin' without printin', and press agents don't know nawthin' about it. An' printin' ain't nawthin' unless it shows up nachrel histry *an'* performers with enough 'magination accordin' *to* nacher *an'* performers. Besides, printin' ain't no good unless its away ahead of the show—an' I believe in starch paste. It's weather-proof.

"This old man we got now ain't like the ones that used to be in the business. He leans too much on press agents an' what's in the ring, 'stead o' what's in the printin'. I bin in the business ever since I was old enough to let go of mother's skirts, an' I've seen old men of all kinds. But this one gets me. The business is certainly gettin' on the blink."

He filled his pipe carefully and lighted up.

"Things ain't like they used to be," he resumed. "In the good old days, anybody would lend a hand to anything that had to be done, an' the show was run on the printin', like it ought to be. The printin' end was the big end, and a man had to work up to it from the bottom. I begun with bein' a candy butcher, an' it was long after I'd bin round the world clectin' animals an' curiosities that I got into handlin' the paper exclusive. That was way back.

"Mr. Barnum was the best old man we ever had, an' I worked up under him. He knew what printin' was —Mr. Barnum did. Run the show on it. An' no man ever got into the paper car that hadn't showed what he could do in the other work. We was all subject to orders at a minit's notice in them times. Go to the other side o' the yearth quicker'n a monkey'd take his hat off, if the old man said so—an' if we didn't get what we went fer, we needn't come back.

"Wunst when we was playin' a three day stand in Montreal I was goin' along past the custom house to the river with some o' the fellers to a boat we'd hired to go across to the other side, jes to get away from the crowd for an hour or two, when along comes Barnum himself, an' Lew June.

"I'M GOIN' DOWN END OVER END THROUGH THE AIR"

"Lew June was the oldest man in the business then. Nobody ever knew how long he'd bin in it. Away back he'd had two pardners by the name of Angevine an' Titus. I heard Mr. Barnum say wunst that June, Angevine and Titus hired Noah's menagerie soon as the ark bumped the beach, an' made a round of the northern circuit afore the mud had time to dry, but I guess that was a josh.

"Well, anyhow, when Mr. Barnum sees me, he lets out a hail.

" 'Where you goin', Bill?' says he.

" 'Crost the river, with some o' the gang,' says I.

" 'No you ain't,' says he. 'You goes to Africky,' says he, 'in half an hour. The Lively Polly is tied up jes down there, with all your supplies aboard.'

" 'What am I goin' to Africky fer?' says I.

" 'What does any showman go to Africky fer?' says he. 'Animiles, acourse. Strange animiles *an'* curiosities.'

"That was all they was to it fer me. So off I goes to where the Lively Polly sloop was lyin' awaitin', an' hops aboard with jes what I'd got on, an' we ups an' sails fer Africky insida ten minits.

"What was my supplies? Beads—red, blue an' yalla. Hand glasses—big, little an' mejum. Britch-clouts —linen, cotton and duck, fer men, wimmin an' children. Safety-pins—brass, steel and nickel, big an' little. Calico cloth, all colors. A hundred blocks o' free passes fer missionaries, an' complimentaries fer the press. An' printin'. Slathers of it. An' paste—starch paste—an' brushes big an' little, long an' short handles, fer puttin' it up high an' low.

"Well, anyhow. After a tempeschus voyage o' six weeks or so we throws over the anchor one mornin' in a cove o' water called Table Bay, at the tail end of Africky, an' insida two hours we makes procession an' drives on the lot in Cape Town

"That town ain't good for more'n a one-day stand, anyhow, so after we've

stretched the sea-cramps out of us, off we goes up the country, with a train o' supply wagons an' a string o' tame camels and zee-byous, an' a brass band to let the natives know we was a comin'. 'Nafter some triflin' barter just to get my hand in, I hits up against King Bullywayo's ranch, on the Congo river, an' casts around for the lay o' the land. He was the king of the Zoo-loos.

"Did I know Bullywayo? Did I kn— Say! He ain't nawthin' but a great big moke. That's what he is. But he's a good deal of a sport, an' white— fer a moke. Me an' him gits to be thicker'n nine in a bed. He'd got a big new barn just built, an' painted red, an' he let me cover all four sides of it an' the roof with printin' for the One an' Only Greatest. I put it on with starch paste, too, an' I'll betcha it's there yet. That's how much he thoughta me.

"I stayed with the old coon about a week, an' then one evenin' when I was gettin' ready to move along, we're a settin' on his porch smokin' our ropes, when he speaks up an' says to me, he says:

"'Bill, jever hear about them ramferinkuses what used to be so thick round here an' about a hundred to a hundred an' fifty mile inland?'

"'No, Bull,' says I, an' I begins to listen good, because rare animiles was gittin' pretty gol-darned rare. 'Is they animiles?' says I, lookin' kinda unconcerned.

"'They sure is,' says Bull, 'if they's any of 'em left. I know they was two stags last season, for some o' my imp-

"ME AN' BULLYWAYO ARE A-SITTIN' ON HIS PORCH SMOKIN' OUR ROPES"

eyes seen 'em while they was scoutin' around after some cannibal coons up on the Gum-bo river that had run off some o' my field hands fer a barbecue they was goin' to hold. They's only them two old stags left,' says he,' an' when they fights they starts a yearthquake.'

"'What kind of a animile is it, Bull?' says I.

"'It's about as long as a railroad car,' says he, 'an' it's got horns an' hoofs an' tushes, an' it rares up an' fights with ary one o' them. An' it's

got hair on its breast, an' a tail as big around as the Nova Scotia giantess an' as long as a centre pole, with an iron stinger on the end. 'Fyou want a rare animile, Bill,' says he, 'you go an' get one of them. I'll help you,' says he.

"'How'll you help me, Bull?' says I.

"'I'll give you a rijment o' my Zoo-loo imp-eyes,' says he. 'They's a thousand o' them, an' they ain't afraid o' nawthin', and they won't cost you a bone,' says he. 'They'll find theirselves,' says he, 'an' anyhow you'll need 'em if them cannibals tries to jolt you.'

"'Well, Bull,' says I, 'I've bin in this business almost forty year, an' I've bin in every kind of a clemmin' match in all America, an' if any of them up-the-country coons cuts my guy-ropes they'll get the hey-rube right off the bat. I ain't scared of 'em,' says I. 'But,' I says, 'them imp-eyes o' yourn might come in handy when I rope that there ramferinkus.'

"'If you find him,' says Bull.

"'I'll find him all right,' says I. 'Betcher life. When a man in my business goes out fer anything, he gets it. He's got to.'

"The next morning old Bullywayo he stands up a thousand o' them Zoo-loo imp-eyes of his in a row, and I takes a bucket o' glue—glue this time, not starch—and goes along behind 'em, an' I has a boy with a push-cart full o' gutter snipes and date-strips, with nawthin' printed on them but the name o' the show an' a blank fer a date, an' I slaps one o' them on the back of every imp-eye in the hull row, just above the britch-clout, so's I'd know 'em from any other kind if we gets into a rough-house. An' then, just as I was a climbin' aboard o' my camel, Bull he comes up an' hangs a little bag around my neck with a string.

"'What's that, Bull?' says I.

"'That,' says Bull, 'is a omelette, but the ignorant niggers calls it a fetchit. It's a charm,' says he, 'to save your life. You'll never get your eye blacked while you wear that,' he says.

"I thanks him, an' off we goes for about thirty mile down the turnpike, till we comes to a dirt road an' a toll-gate. An' at this here toll-gate there's a guy with a old-fashioned tin-type outfit that wants to take my picture sittin' on my camel hagglin' with Arabs for tigers and sich-like cattle, two tintypes fer a quarter. Instead o' which I gives him a pass to the show. Afterwards the old man had the finest window-piece I ever seen made out of that picture, only he had the printer put more clothes on me than it showed. You see, all they wear in that part of Africky is a britch-clout an' a coat o' ile, it's so hawt an' close. An' I was dressed accordin' to the custom of the country when the tintype was took. 'It's all right, Bill,' says the old man when he seen it, 'only this is a moral show, an' the moral towns won't stand fer it. They're kickin' about the tattood man already. I'll have to put some more duds on ye in this,' he says. An' he done it.

"Well, anyhow. A coupla days after that we come to the Gum-bo river, an sure enough there was them cannibal coons layin' fer me—ten thousand o' them, I guess, but they looked like fifty thousand, an' of all the scraps!—Say! Every one o' them had a self-cockin' asseguy an' a pocket-gun. An' fight!

"I seen a cupla hundred hippopotamuses wunst a fightin' up on the Nile river one Sunday afternoon, an' the way they chewed an' chanked each other an' bellered was—you know the hippopotamus is said by the college faculty to be the Beeheemawth of Holy Writ. An' them there Beeheemawths churned up that there Nile river till it looked like ten mile o' suds, but that wan't nawthin' to what happened on the Gum-bo river. Did we put it over 'em? Say! I got a fur overcoat to home now that I had made out'n the scalps we took that day. Captured their king, too, an' had 'im in the show fer five years, till he boozed himself to death. I had 'im tied by the thumbs with a piece of twine to the tail of a wagon when we made procession again. His wife traipsed after us most a week tryin' to buy 'im off—offered me a wagon load of elphunts' tushes an' a barl o' gold dust,

"I SLAPS A DATE-STRIP ON THE BACK OF EVERY IMP-EYE IN THE HULL ROW"

but that wan't nawthin' to what a genyouine captive king was worth to the show, so I give her the throw-down. I wan't in Africky doin' no kidnappin' fer ransom. 'Nanyhow, he died happy ever afterwards, as they say in the story books.

"We had a quiet time for a few days after that big clem on the Gum-bo, an' I didn't get much that was reely good—except a bunch o' Jypshun jugglers with rings in their ears an' noses that had went broke givin' a little hall show through Africky, an' was walkin' between stands. They was glad enough to sign on for ten a week an' cakes for the whole troupe.

"Then one night when I was sound asleep in a crossroads tavern, in bumps the landlord fit to bust.

"'Git up, Bill!' says he. 'Git up quick an' go to it. Them there ramferinkuses is makin' it thick about five miles from here. Now's your chance!'

"I rolls out o' bed an' slings on a coat o' ile an' feels for my omelette, an' off we goes, my own gang an' old Bullywayo's imp-eyes, all on the hot-foot. All the while the ground is a shakin' like they was a yearthquake sure enough, just like Bull said, an' when we had gone about four miles we begins to find blood an' hair an' chunks of ivory as big as your hat, that them two beasts has knocked out of each other's tushes. An' when we gets to where they are, whaddya think!

"There they stands, the two o' them—the only two ramferinkuses in the world born out of captivity, an' entirely extinct all but them. An' them two old stags has raired up on their hind legs an' their horns has got buckled, and there they stands, locked fast!

"'Gee!' says I to myself. 'I comes out fer one an' I gets 'em both. Barnum luck,' says I.

"So I calls fer a cable an' jist as I'm

passing it round their hind legs, they ups an' comes unbuckled, an' then—

"Say! If ever they was a palm tree clum in all this world, they was one clim right then, my son. I'm up there before I knows I'm started, an' there I am, with them two ramferinkuses tearin' an' snortin' for me, an' reachin' up an' blowin' their hawt breath on me, ragin' for my blood. An' them there imp-eyes in the gray o' the mornin' showin' me a thousand o' my own date-strips, beatin' it out o' that like all creation poundin' tan bark—an' not one o' my own men in sight!

"Whad I do? Nawthin'. They wan't nawthin' to do but wait. And there I waited, six days an' five nights, in the cool o' the year, with nawthin' on but a britch-clout an' a omelette an' a coat o' ile, with them two infuriated beasts tryin' to butt my tree down, an' slingin' the sting-ends o' their tails to within three feet o' the top, where I was. An' not a bite to eat but cocynuts an' dates an' breadfruit that grew on the palm tree I was up. An' nawthin' to drink but cocynut ile outa the nuts.

"I mighta bin there yet, fer afterwards I found out that everybody thought I was dead, if it hadn't bin for a hawt mornin' an' a hungry bird.

"Them enraged animiles was in a extra grouch that mornin', an' the vertikle rays o' the trawpickle sun was a burnin' me back an' front, an' I hadn't changed my coat o' ile for so long that the cookery smell of it got to a giant con-dor that was sailin' around in the air lookin' fer his breakfast. He cocks his head on one side an' sees me, and he thinks I'm it, an' what does he up an' do but swoop down an' dig his talents into my britch-clout—an' me—an' pick me up an' sail off, lookin' for a good place to light an' have his little refreshment.

"But there's where the superiority of civilization come in.

"'Bill,' I says to myself, 'I guess they ain't so shy on angels yet that they got to call you in. You just wiggle outa this, somehow.'

"So I works around an' gets a holt on one o' his legs, and then I begins to chew, an' I chews one foot off him, an it's such a big one it makes a dint in the ground when it lights. He *was* a bird—fifty feet across the wings, easy. An' the toughest ten-dons in his legs you ever tried to bite in two. I tell you son, that other leg had me goin'. Three o' my teeth stuck in it, an' he owes 'em to me yet, but it fetched loose after all, an' first I knows I'm goin' down end over end through the air, hangin' onto that foot like it could save me, an' the screams o' the con-dor flying away with his legs half gone a-ringin' in my ears, an' gettin' fainter, till I hits the water o' Table Bay with a splash that sends the spray clean over the mast-heads of a sloop that was there. An' when I comes up, it's the Lively Polly!

"That was a quick return date, I can tell you, son. I got my gang together, an' one o' them had a snapshot o' them two ramferinkuses that developed good, an' I wanted the old man to work it up into a thirty-eight sheet stand, but he wouldn't. Said the public o' the moral towns didn't have 'magination enough to foller such a piece o' printin'. That's the only time I ever knew the old man to fall down.

"This one hain't stood up yet. I mean this old man we got now. You can't get him to get out no printin' that's got 'magination an' a story to it. He's stuck on performers, as if performers was any good fer a show. No sir! No show ain't no good without printin', an no printin' ain't no good without 'magination. Everything ain't real what you see in a show. An' the old man's bin braggin' to me about his press agent. Press agent? These here press agents ain't dry behind the ears yet. Hell!"

THE WOMAN DOCTOR IN CANADA

BY LEE M. EDWARD, M.D.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

DR. BEATTY

FIFTY years ago this would have been an unheard of subject, and yet at the present day, the woman doctor has gained undisputed prestige in Canada as well as in other parts of the world. Canada was among the last to accord to women a place in medicine, but in spite of her tardiness she has advanced with great strides and now welcomes the woman practitioner as warmly as other countries, which were earlier in their acknowledgment of her ability and service.

As early as the time of Homer we read of women doctors. Among the Greeks, Olympia of Thebes, Aspasia and Agnodice were renowned in the practice of medicine, and even in the eleventh century, B. C., Egypt had a medical college which provided for the education of both sexes. Through succeeding ages we find them in Bologna, Paris, Berlin, London, Zurich and St. Petersburg. In England the prejudice was keen. The first woman to study medicine was Elizabeth Garrett (now Dr. Garrett-Anderson). Some of her work she was obliged to take privately and pay enormous fees for, and subsequently was compelled to receive her degree from Paris, 1868, as she could not obtain it in England. She is now one of the most noted women in England.

In America, where everything is for advancement and youth and optimism lend their aid, greater progress has been made. In Boston, in 1848, a college for women was established, and since then many have sprung up in the United States - some in affiliation with different universities, and some for women alone.

In one of the latter, the New York Medical College for Women we find, in 1867, Emily Howard Stowe, who was destined to open the medical profession to women in Canada. She was a strong woman of noble character and lofty resolve, and was amply fitted for her task. She had had a difficult life, having been principal of a public school in Brantford, which was an unusual position for a young woman in those days. After her marriage she took up

EMILY STOWE, M.D.
Pioneer woman doctor in Canada

the study of medicine, which had been a long cherished hope, and in 1867, after graduation, came to Toronto, where she was a pioneer in the profession. She met the many difficulties incidental to her position with courage and fortitude, and was a leader in all movements for the higher education of women. She strove to better the conditions of the poorer classes, and in all her endeavors the ennobling influence of medicine was seen.

So impressed was she with the idea of the necessity for women in medicine that her daughter, Augusta Stowe, who was as yet a young girl, undertook to study in Toronto at the old school of medicine, which was still a college by itself. Here she received most of her instruction with the men, and no little resentment was felt by the latter. They felt it keenly that a woman should enter their classes and made her position as hard for her as possible. They sought every opportunity of making disagreeable situations and never lost a chance of making her uncomfortable. The strain of these conditions as well as the heavy work almost broke down her health, but she continued her studies arduously and in 1883 went up for her final examination, where she was successful. Her degree was granted from Victoria University in Cobourg, as the University of Toronto and Trinity University, where the men graduated, at that time gave no degrees to women in any faculty. This degree, however, enabled her to practice in Ontario, and Dr. Stowe-Gullen is now one of the prominent women practitioners of Toronto, where she holds a position on the staff of the Western Hospital, and also of the Haven for Women and Children.

MARGARET MCALPINE, M.D.

The difficulties and trials of Dr. Stowe appealed to one of the Toronto physicians, who was professor of physiology in the Toronto School of Medicine, and believing that much good could be done by women in medicine, Dr. Barrett decided to support their cause and to endeavor to establish a medical college for them. Accordingly he called a public meeting in Shaftesbury Hall, under the auspices of the Women's Suffrage Club, in 1883. Honorable Justice Patterson presided and Dr. Barrett brought forward the question of medical education for women, and the necessity for a college. James Beatty, Q. C., M. P., moved that medical education for women was a recognized necessity, and consequently facilities for such instruction should be provided. Rev. Dr. King, in seconding the motion, contended that the establishment of such a school was a public necessity. It was decided to secure requisite funds for the building of a college and to proceed at once with it. It was resolved to have a Board of Directors of four of the faculty and three women, chosen by the subscribers to the endowment fund. The board of trustees consisted of many of the most prominent and cultured men and women of Toronto. They succeeded in collecting enough money to proceed with the building of a college, and on October 1st, 1883, the Women's Medical College opened. Since then, Toronto has practically been the centre of medical education for women in Canada, and while it existed the Women's Medical College in Toronto was the only one in Canada. There are other colleges in which women can study medicine, but they have very few in attendance.

IDA LYND, M.D.

At the opening of the college in 1883, the Mayor of Toronto was in the chair, and Dr. Barrett presented the opening address. The college had at first a very scanty attendance, but those who registered there received the best tuition as the staff consisted of many of the University professors, as well as many doctors who are at the top of the profession in Canada. Dr. Barrett was the first Dean and a kind and able man he was. Those who knew him have only good to say of him. He was a friend to women and always generous and chivalrous. On the staff was appointed Dr. Augusta Stowe-Gullen, who was the first woman in Canada to receive an appointment in a medical college. She was demonstrator in anatomy. Dr. Barrett was Dean until his death in 1887, when the cause lost a true friend and able supporter. After his death, Dr. McPherson became Dean but resigned very shortly owing to stress of professional and academic duties. Following him, Dr. Nevitt was chosen, and held the position until the college closed in 1906. It was only owing to the indefatigable work and almost thankless service of the members of the staff that the college was able to exist at all, for their finances were at a low ebb. The faculty were paid almost nothing, in many cases not receiving enough to pay their car fare to and from the college. In 1894 failure threatened from lack of funds, and a joint stock company was formed to meet expenses.

Through the years from 1883 to 1904, the college proceeded with increasing numbers of students, and was sending out a class of strong, earnest women with a zeal for doing good. Many of them now are settled in different parts of the world, some as missionaries, some as successful practitioners. In 1904, however, the University of To-

AUGUSTA STOWE-GULLEN, M.D.

ronto, which had by this time taken in the old school of medicine, registered women in the new combined six years' course in arts and medicine. This procedure took students from the college, as of course facilities at the University were much greater for medical study. Their registration threatened to ruin the college, and in consequence of this the alumnæ formed a committee to meet a committee from the University to discuss matters. The University declared its intention to give instruction in anatomy only, but this gave no redress, as the fees in anatomy were one of the chief sources of revenue to the college. Thus the committees could not agree on this point, and the University accordingly proposed having a faculty for women. This was not satisfactorily arranged, however, for it was contended that the University was co-educational, and could not under these circumstances exclude women from any of its departments. Finally, a commission was appointed by the Government of Ontario to look into the management of the University and its relation to colleges in affiliation with it. The question was discussed with the faculty and alumnæ of the Women's Medical College, and existing conditions in other universities were looked into. The University of Manitoba at Winnipeg and Dalhousie at Halifax admitted women for instruction in medicine, though the attendance was small. Women at this time were admitted to schools of medicine in Dublin, Durham, Liverpool, Johns' Hopkins, Sydney, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham and Aberdeen, and in many others to special classes, i. e., Edinburgh, Glasgow and Michigan, and in many of these women held university appointments. After long and heated discussions it was decided to admit women to medicine in the University of Toronto, and this of course premised the closing of the Women's Medical College. Thus it passed out of existence after twenty-three years of great usefulness and in the fall of 1906 women were registered in medicine in the University of Toronto, and received all their instruction in that faculty from University professors and teachers. This was the first great change since the founding of the college, and though many had feelings of regret at its passing, it was felt by all to be an advance in the right direction and was looked upon by many as the dawn of a new age in women's education.

There were about twenty-five women registered in all the four years, of whom thirteen were in the two final years. The women received their lectures in classes separate from the men and in some cases the two final years had their lectures combined. Separate lectures, however, necessitated the repetition of each course delivered by the professors. In many cases the latter was found an impossibility, as many of the professors were professional men and had not the time to devote. As a result younger men were appointed to lecture to the women. This was found a serious disadvantage to many of the students who felt that they could not compete with the men on such unequal terms. On this account some of the fourth year women students with some of the alumnæ visited the president and different professors and stated their grievance.

At present the study of medicine is practically co-educational. A few of the classes are taken separately in one or two subjects, but exactly the same instruction is given to both. This is shown by a remark of one of the professors in the fall of 1907 under the new regime: "All students are to be treated the same whether wearing a coat or a skirt." In fact every advantage is now given to the women.

Probably the most noted in an academic way is Dr. Maude E. Abbot, who is Governor's fellow in Pathology at McGill University, and is curator of the museum there, where she has improved the system of museum teaching. Her article on "Congenital Cardiac Disease," in Dr. Osler's "Modern Medicine" has been greatly appreciated, and for years to come will be the authority on that subject.

Dr. Helen MacMurchy is the only other medical woman in Canada to hold a University appointment, and she demonstrates in gynæcology in the

MARGARET GORDON, M.D.

museum in the University of Toronto. She is also on the staff of the Toronto General Hospital, where she is assistant to Dr. Ross in gynæcology. She is keenly interested in questions of public health —i. e., milk supply, water filtration, etc. Last year she had an appointment from the Government to compile a census of the feeble-minded in Ontario, and report on their conditions, which she ably did. She is a clever, active woman, thoroughly *au fait* with the questions of the day.

In Montreal, Dr. McDonald is well known and holds an appointment as Medical Inspector of High Schools.

The woman who probably does the largest practice is Dr. Ida Lynd, of Toronto. She has an appointment as assistant to Dr. Ross in gynæcology at the Toronto General Hospital. She was one of the lecturers in the old Women's Medical College, and has practised in Toronto for the last eighteen years.

Dr. Jennie Gray has also a large practice in Toronto. She is on the staff of the Western Hospital, and is at the head of the Gynæcological Department in the Women's Dispensary. The latter is the only one of its kind in Canada. It is managed by women alone and here women of the poorer classes receive treatment free, and dozens attend the daily clinics. Dr. Gray lectured in gynæcology for years at the Women's Medical College, and was always a favorite with her students.

Dr. Eliza Gray, her sister, practices with her, but follows more general work in practice, and has not specialized in gynæcology as Dr. Jennie Gray has.

Another woman with a large practice is Dr. E. L. Skinner-Gordon, who is at the head of the obstetrical department in the Women's Dispensary. The women students attend some of the clinics here and receive instruction though it is not prescribed in the regular course. Dr. Skinner-Gordon was for years a lecturer to final students in obstetrics and to juniors in anatomy.

Dr. Lelia Davis was the first woman to receive a hospital appointment in Canada, and is still on the staff of the Western in Toronto, and pathologist at that hospital. She graduated from the Women's Medical College, and also studied abroad.

Dr. Grace Ritchie-England is doing good work in Montreal where she has a large practice. Dr. Bessie Mitchell has a good practice there also.

Dr. Margaret Gordon is one of the older practitioners in Toronto, and is interested in the suffrage question.

Of the younger physicians in Toronto Dr. Beatty, '05, is well known from her position as Superintendent of Grace Hospital, as is also Dr. Margaret McAlpine, of the same year, who took quite brilliant honors at the University.

JENNIE GRAY, M.D.

ST. ANDREW'S LOCK IS THE FIRST OF ITS KIND IN AMERICA

THE HISTORIC RED RIVER WATERWAY

BY ARTHUR J. FORWARD

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

PART II.—CONTINUED

In 1872 the "end of the rails" on the Northern Pacific Railway reached Moorhead, Minn., from Duluth. Trade on the river took a fresh start, and immigrants began to pour into Winnipeg in large numbers. During 1875 it is said that more freight was transported on the Red River between Fargo and Winnipeg, than on the Mississippi between St. Paul and St. Louis.

Something of the meaning of this early navigation to the settlers is reflected in a humorous description of the arrival of "the first boat" in 1873 by Jeff Gee in "Both Sides of Manitoba":

"On May 2nd the first boat of the season arrived. Nearly every one had friends to arrive, and the shelves of the merchants were empty, and not to be replenished until navigation opened, and no one, mind you, would wait for the second or third boat. No, everybody and everything was coming by the first boat—the glorious, gorgeous first boat. On paper that boat would carry freight and passengers enough to load a hundred ocean steamers; actually she was a flat-bottomed river-boat of 200 tons. No one not similarly placed can imagine with what intense longing the inhabitants looked forward to the opening of navigation. From day to day little extras were issued by the press, announcing that the ice was moving at Moorhead, then at Grand Forks, then at Pembina, then, Heaven be praised, at Winnipeg. Then an extra announced that the 'International' had left winter quarters at Grand Forks, was taking on freight at Moorhead, had left Moorhead, was again at Grand Forks, was ten miles from Pembina, was at Pembina, was ten miles this side of Pembina behind an ice jam. Then a few hours of bursting anxiety, and a few miles up the river the long and shrill scream of the steam whistle."

A noteworthy episode of this era of Red River navigation was the visit of Lord Dufferin to Manitoba in 1877, when he drove the first spike in the Pembina branch of the Canadian Pacific

Railway, and, although he appears to have been greatly impressed on the journey by the immensities and possibilities of Canada's waterways thereby incidentally sounded the knell of the picturesque Red River steamboat. His party was met at the head of navigation by the "Minnesota", which was to convey them to Winnipeg. En route, they met the companion boat "Manitoba," having on board Cool Burgess with a concert company who had just closed an engagement at Winnipeg. The vessels were tied together, a small organ on board the "Manitoba" brought on deck, and Her Majesty's representative was regaled with an impromptu concert of patriotic airs, "Canada, fair Canada," "Rule Britannia," etc.

About this time, too, without aught of pomp or circumstance, there came down the stream in a rude and shapeless barge, low in the water and insignificant of appearance, a cargo that spelled destiny to the Northwest,—the first consignment of rails for the construction of the railway. For already the utter inadequacy of the river boats to meet the demands of the colony for cheap and ample means of transportation for its products had become clear. A writer in 1876 says:

"The St. Paul company charge what they please, and their vessels are loaded to the water's edge. Produce not required for home consumption will scarcely pay the cost of removal to markets by the present expensive and crowded ways of transport. Until some Canadian route is completed the Northern Pacific and Kittson line continue to carry the traffic of Manitoba through Minnesota and down Red River for $40 per ton, pocketing $500,000 per annum by the process and crippling the progress of settlement in the Province."

As the railway drew measurably near, popular impatience with the slow and costly river route grew to fever heat. "A short harvest, but a merry," would seem to have been the motto of the steamboat men. Thus we read such inveighings against them as this:

"The Kittson line, or Red River Transportation Company has for shareholders Hudson's Bay Company officials and St. Paul merchants. They have been ac-

WINTER WORK ON THE DAM REQUIRES CAREFUL HOUSING OF ALL THE PRELIMINARY CONSTRUCTION

THE DAM CONSISTS OF FIVE PIERS AND TWO ABUTMENTS WITH SIX SPANS OF 120 FEET EACH

customed to charge such freights that *one trip at high water repaid to the Company the whole cost of the vessel.* Until railway communication comes to its relief, the Red River region will thus be held like the cow in the story, the 'Adventurers of England' at one end, and 'Kittson, Sibley & Co.' at the other, and the restive creature will be milked between them."

From this time on events moved rapidly to a close. In 1878 the traffic was over 42,000 tons, while the Kittson line alone carried over 13,000 passengers. In addition to the Kittson boats were the "Grandin", an independent American boat owned by the Great Grandin Farm, thirty miles north of Fargo, the boats of the "Western Transportation Company" on the Assiniboine and Lower Red, the "Swallow," "Prince Rupert", "Keewatin", "Lady Ellen", and a boat building to run in the lower Red, and a large fleet of barges and flat-boats. On Lake Winnipeg was the Company's steamer "Colville", connecting at the mouth of the Saskatchewan with their two steamers "Northcote" and "Lily", running to Edmonton.

Early in 1879 the cars reached Winnipeg, and at once the attention of steamboat owners was turned to the navigation of the Assiniboine. The "Marquette", Capt. Webber, was the first to ascend the river to Fort Ellice. An immense trade was done on both the Red and Assiniboine in 1879-81. In the reports of traffic for those years, wheat appears to have been carried to the extent of 260,000 bushels in 1880, and 450,000 bushels in 1881. In September of the latter year the railway was opened to Brandon. The "Alpha" continued her trips from Brandon to Fort Ellice until winter set in. And the first chapter in the history of navigation of the Red River was finally closed.

The steamers engaged in this traffic were at best of fleeting character, and when profitable freights were no longer forthcoming soon vanished. The "Swallow", built in 1868 at Burlington, Iowa, for Jas. Flannigan, was dismantled and broken up in 1879, as was also the "Keewatin", a side

wheeler, 72 feet long, built at Winnipeg in 1876 for Powlin & Radford. The "Prince Rupert", built on Lake Winnipeg in 1872 for Peter McArthur, met with a like fate in 1880. The "Minnesota" and "Manitoba" were companion stern-wheelers 128 ft. in length, built at Moorhead, Minn., in 1875, to compete with Kittson and Hill's boats. The "Minnesota" was lengthened in 1881 to 165 feet, and her name changed to "City of Winnipeg," but she was lost on Lake Winnipeg in the fall of the same year. The "Manitoba" was taken to the Saskatchewan River, and was there crushed by ice in 1885. In the same year the "Cheyenne" sank at St. Agathe in the Red River and became a total loss.

The "Lady Ellen", a propeller forty-six feet long, built at Toronto in 1877, was taken to Lake Winnipegosis. The "Northwest," a large stern-wheeler built at Moorhead in 1881 went to the Saskatchewan where she was wrecked in 1899. The "Marquis" also went to the Saskatchewan, while the "Red River" ran on Lake Winnipeg for several years, and then was made over into a barge, subsequently wrecked.

The picturesque, old-time stern-wheelers have gone the way of the canoe of the voyageurs. The day of the steel barge on the northern waters of Canada is rapidly approaching.

III.

During the steamboat era talk was rife of making Winnipeg a great inland port. The crown of her glory was to come out of the North, whose resources were unknown, and therefore unlimited in the public mind, which loves to revel in the realm of the imagination. The Red was to be improved, and lake vessels were to tie up at the piers of Winnipeg. Her argosies were to ascend the Saskatchewan, and float under the very shadow of the Rockies. All the grain of the western plains, all the cattle of a thousand hills, all the iron, the coal, the timber, the fish, the furs, the untold wealth of the Northland, was to come to Winnipeg, borne on the bosom of the humble Red

THE CONCRETE IS DEPOSITED IN PLACE AT A TEMPERATURE OF ABOUT FIFTY DEGREES FAHRENHEIT AND IS KEPT WELL ABOVE THE FREEZING POINT UNTIL HARDENED

River. These pipe dreams of the old timers vanished like mist before the rising sun with the advent of the locomotive. For a generation the railroad has usurped the undivided public attention. By its aid the hamlet of a quarter of a century ago has reached the proud position of one of the leading trade centres of the continent, the great mart of a country of nearly 2,000,000,000 acres of territory. The three tributary Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta alone comprise an area equal to that of the German Empire, France, Holland, Belgium and the British Isles combined, and there is perhaps no area of equal extent on the earth's surface with any higher percentage of tillable soil. Seventy-five per cent. of the wheat lands of North America are tributary to her markets. Already we see a second and a third transcontinental railway passing her doors. Her commercial supremacy is unquestioned, and her interests extend beyond the bounds of the continent itself.

It is due to this marvellous prosperity, the fruit of railway construction, that the fulfilment of at least one of those ancient dreams can go unheeded and almost unnoticed. For the Federal Government has nearly completed improvements in the Red River that will permit vessels drawing nine feet of water to ascend from Lake Winnipeg to the city.

The present import for all lake shipping is West Selkirk, twenty miles from the mouth of the river, and twenty-five miles below Winnipeg. Seven miles above Selkirk further progress is barred by St. Andrew's Rapid. Here a limestone ridge about ten miles wide crosses the river, and throughout that distance the water is for the most part rapid and shallow, falling about fifteen feet. Beyond this the river lies almost level to the city, having not more than a fall of one foot in the entire distance. At the foot of the rapids a lock and dam are now under construction, on completion of which a new water level will be established eighteen feet above the present one, obliterating the rapids, and giving increased depth in the reach above.

The regulating works consist of a lock (200x45x9 ft.) in the west bank, with a short canal approach from the south about 1,500 feet long, and a wing dam extending to the west bank, a distance of 800 feet. The permanent structures are all of concrete. The lock, which is of the most modern and approved type, is on a rock foundation throughout, is 290x85 feet over all, and contains about 17,000 cubic yards of concrete. It was completed in 1907. It will be filled in six minutes through culverts, each 6x4½ feet, extending through the walls, and each connected with the lock chamber by cylindrical valves five feet two inches in diameter, and of the improved Fontaine type. The gates, which are of British Columbia fir, will be operated by electricity.

The dam consists of five piers and two abutments with six spans of 120 feet each. The stationary dam is of concrete on rock foundation, and rises about five feet above the elevation of mean summer water, though the river in flood will rise from ten to fifteen feet higher still. This obstruction, being so far below flood water levels, will permit the ice to pass freely, making the possibility of a serious jam very remote.

A unique feature of construction of the dam has been the continuous carrying on of work through all the rigours of northern winter. About 300 feet of the stationary dam was built during the winter of 1907-08. A portion of the bed of the river was enclosed in a crib coffer dam, and pumped dry. The earth was then stripped off the rock, and the latter excavated to a good impervious bed. Over the portion thus made ready a building was erected, in which was installed a steam heating plant. By enclosing the mixing plant and having a large bin of 180 cubic yards capacity for heating the material, it was not difficult to deposit the concrete in place at a temperature of about fifty Fahrenheit, and the enclosure was kept well above the freezing point during, and for a couple of weeks after, the laying of the

concrete. After the first three days the heat of setting of the concrete makes it a much easier task to maintain the required temperature.

During the past summer the whole dam has been completed, except about 290 feet in the centre of the river, which has been coffer-dammed and unwatered, and is now in course of construction.

Upon the heavy piers and abutments will be placed a steel bridge carrying a movable steel dam of the curtain type, the operating machinery to raise and lower the curtains and frames, and a highway bridge. This pass, or the reverse. At the close of navigation, and before the ice takes, all the curtains will be rolled up and removed, the steel girder frames swung up well above spring floods, allowing the river free and unobstructed passage at a low level between the piers.

An immediate result of this work will be the creation of a beautiful, slackwater stretch eighteen miles long, between Winnipeg and the dam at Lockport, a paradise for launches and other small craft. The adjacent banks will afford pleasant sites for summer residences with easy access to the city by steamer and electric railway. Pass-

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE DAM HAS CREATED A BEAUTIFUL SLACKWATER STRETCH BETWEEN WINNIPEG AND LOCKPORT, EXCELLENT FOR LAUNCHES AND SMALL CRAFT

will be the first dam of this type in America, though several are in successful operation in Europe. Heavy girder frames are pivoted from the bridge truss, swinging down to step socket castings set in the stationary dam, and these frames may be raised and lowered by means of an electric crane. On the upstream face of the frames, curtains of wood and steel are rolled down to form a dam retaining the water of the upper reach at an elevation thirteen feet above the concrete dam. The flow will be regulated by rolling up the curtain to let more water

ing through the lock, vessels from Winnipeg will be able to ply for over 350 miles to the north end of Lake Winnipeg, thus laying open to the city all the resources of the district about the lake, already known to be of great value, and enabling connection to be made with steamers from Edmonton at the mouth of the Saskatchewan.

The first steamboat on the Saskatchewan was the Hudson's Bay Company's "Commissioner", in 1873, but she was wrecked on her first trip, owing to parting of the cables by means of which she was being hauled up a rapid.

Later on, the "Lily", a steel boat built in England for the Company, and the "Northcote," were put on the river the former plying from Edmonton to Prince Albert, and the latter from Prince Albert to Grand Rapids. The "Colville", a screw propeller 108 feet in length, built at Grand Forks, N.D., in 1875, ran from the Grand Rapids to the Stone Fort on Red River, the fare for the trip from Edmonton to Fort Garry being $80.00. As a sample of the uncertainties of travel at that time, M. Jean d'Artigue relates that in 1880 he left Edmonton on the "Lily" on June 15th. Arriving at Prince Albert on the 20th, he found that the "Northcote" would not probably be up the river to meet her before July 20th. Not only had the ice been late in breaking up, but the capacity of the "Northcote" was so much greater, that it required three voyages of the "Colville" from Fort Garry, each occupying a week or more, to fetch up her load. Hiring a "breed" to build a small boat, d'Artigue and his companions went down the river in it to Grand Rapids, where, after a further wait of ten days, they succeeded in catching the "Colville", and embarked for Fort Garry.

The "Lily" was sold in 1882 to the Western Transportation Company and was wrecked in the following year. "The "Colville" was burned at her dock at Grand Rapids in 1894, but the "Northcote" continued in service until 1899, when, being condemned, she was hauled out of the water, and her hull rotted on the bank.

The early improvement of navigation of the Saskatchewan may be looked for with confidence. Recently the Federated Boards of Trade of the Northwest requested the Dominion Government to investigate at once its commercial possibilities. The Grand Rapids, two and three-quarter miles in length, with a descent of forty-three and a half feet and situated three miles from Lake Winnipeg, present the greatest natural obstruction. These will no doubt be overcome by locks, and after they are surmounted there appears to be no serious obstacle in the way of steamers ascending the river almost to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. That coal will be carried to Winnipeg by this route is among the certainties of the future.

The question of an outlet by water from Lake Winnipeg to Hudson Bay assumes a new importance, now that the Dominion Government is committed to the immediate construction of a railway to Fort Churchill, the building of which will open up 500 miles of country with valuable resources, and will aid in the settlement and development of 100,000,000 acres of land north of the Canadian Northern railway, which is not yet even surveyed. The Speech from the Throne at the opening of a recent Parliament stated: "The provision of the Dominion Lands Act of last Session for the sale of pre-emptions and purchased homesteads has created a new source of revenue that will be sufficient to bear the cost of the railway to Hudson's Bay without burdening the ordinary revenues. From September 1st, when the Act came in force until January 1st, sales have amounted to over 2,000,000 acres."

From what is known of Hayes River, the old route from the north end of Lake Winnipeg to Hudson's Bay, it is no doubt feasible to canalize it for inland vessels of nine feet draft. The average dates of opening and closing of the river for fifty years, on the authority of the official meteorological observer at York Factory are: Opening, 20th May; Closing, 23rd November, leaving six months clear for traffic.

It is even among the possibilities, according to H. N. Ruttan, C.E., of Winnipeg, that by canalization ocean steamers of considerable size may be eventually brought into Lake Winnipeg, via the Nelson River. Considering, however, the special character of the steamers required for navigation of Hudson Strait, their necessarily small carrying capacity compared with cost of their construction and operation, and the shortness of the season during which the bay may be entered from the Atlantic, it may be regarded as certain that any waterborn traffic between Lake Winnipeg and the bay

must be carried in vessels specially adapted for inland traffic.

The people of a large territory south of the boundary, in the United States, are looking forward to the opening of the Hudson Bay Route as means of securing cheap transportation for their products direct to European markets, and there is said to be a strong conviction among them that the Red River will be utilized in connection with Lake Winnipeg, as a factor in moving their produce. The United States Congress has spent large sums in dredging and snagging the upper river, and also in permanent improvements. In a communication from the Commercial Club of Grand Forks, N. D., to the Board of Trade of the city of Winnipeg in March last, it is stated: "*The Red River is just coming into its own*, and it will be but a short time until it becomes a busy and important waterway. A line with headquarters here is now in strong business hands, and other lines are contemplated." Considerable quantities of wheat have recently been moved on the upper river, and there are indications that the traffic will assume greater proportions before long.

The important role in development of the natural resources of the country to be played by the Saskatchewan Lake Winnipeg Red River chain of waters may be in some measure forecast from observation of what has been accomplished on the Ohio River, a stream naturally inferior for purposes of navigation to the waters mentioned. Ohio River boats now carry an annual traffic of about 15,000,000 tons, and on it are found the lowest transportation rates in the world, coal having been carried as low as one one-hundredth of a cent per ton per mile. An Ohio River towboat with barges has taken down river at one trip a load of coal which would require to haul it *a train of freight cars eleven miles long*. And the same boat which is capable of taking one hundred barges down stream has brought seventy up. So important has the river traffic become, that during the past decade Congress has appropriated $20,000,000 for further improvements of the Ohio system. If coal can be thus carried on the Ohio, why not on the Saskatchewan? And if coal, why not grain, on both Saskatchewan and Red? And if so large expenditures on the Ohio are well advised, surely our great Northwestern rivers are worthy of attention by the Canadian government!

The striking revival of interest in inland navigation on this continent in the past decade will undoubtedly bring about great economic changes within the next few years. To no country in the world perhaps is the movement of greater import than to Canada. There are 10,000 miles of rivers and lakes in the Canadian Northwest alone, navigable by steamboats. The Red and Saskatchewan have long been navigated. Steamers ply regularly on the Athabasca river and lake, the Slave river, and Great Slave lake, an inland sea comparing in size with Lake Superior. And the Hudson's Bay Company have completed a new steel steamer, equipped with electric lights, baths, and the conveniences of an up-to-date floating hostelry, whereby one may descend the great Mackenzie River over a thousand miles to the Arctic Ocean, and the land of the midnight sun, with as great comfort as he would enjoy on the palatial steamers of the Great Lakes.

But this leads us far from Red River and its possibilities. The third member of the triumvirate of great rivers dominating the Lake Winnipeg basin must not be overlooked. The Winnipeg river will deserve its name, when the immense energies of its waterfalls are made to turn the wheels and bear the burdens of industry in the great city, which is its namesake. And when the grain-laden vessels of the West and South meet at the city's docks the coal, ore and lumber barges of the North, and all their contents are by the aid of the alchemic force of "white coal", derived from the Winnipeg, transmuted into the many forms demanded by our complex civilization, to be whirled away again in all directions by the radiating network of railways, then not only the Red River

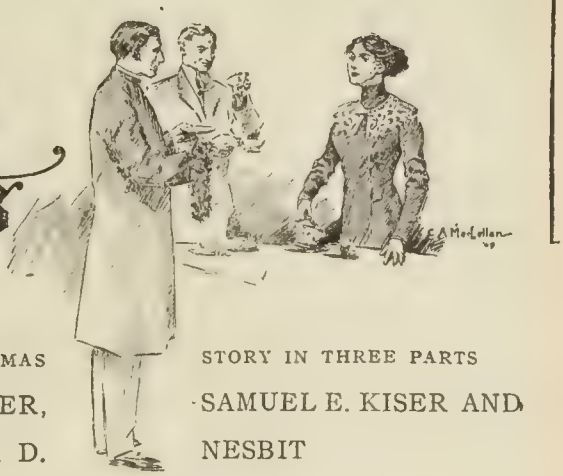
but Winnipeg also will truly "come into her own", becoming the industrial, as well as the distributing centre of the West, and in every respect worthy the title, "the great central city of Canada."

THE OPTIMIST

BY S. E. KISER

AN optimist who paused a while
Where all the scene was fair,
Perceived a man whose look was sad,
And thus addressed him there:
"You've lost your right arm, I perceive—
Up near the shoulder, too:
But why permit an empty sleeve
To bring regret to you?
You cannot cope with other men,
Yet why should you be glum?
You've lost your good right arm, but then,
You cannot pound your thumb."
This optimist could bravely hope
When he was well or ill;
When Trouble pounded at his door
He was undaunted still.
A mule once kicked him through a fence,
But, though he could not rise
And suffered pain that was intense,
He could philosophize.
"Why should I mourn my lot?" he thought,
"Or speak a foolish oath?
She kicked with one hind foot—ah, what
If she had kicked with both!"
One day he filled his stove with wood,
And then poured in some oil;
Eftsoons as swiftly as he could
He left his native soil;
But as he soared away he said:
"How fortunate am I;
The kitchen roof blew off just as
I started for the sky,
And if this had not happened who
Can entertain a doubt
That I would have been injured by
The rafters, coming out?"

Daly Jones



A DAY-BEFORE-CHRISTMAS STORY IN THREE PARTS

BY HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER, SAMUEL E. KISER AND WILBUR D. NESBIT

PART III.

By Henry Kitchell Webster.

JABEZ had often thought of running for Parliament. He wasn't thinking of it now, but force of habit is strong. "The Law," he observed with satisfaction, as he eyed the dwindling red light of the automobile, "the law has got to come down just as hard on the just as on the unjust. That's what democracy means and it's according to the Bible, too."

Ursula, with something between a shiver and shrug, began picking up the packages at her feet.

"Never mind about them," said Jabez. "I'll get a cab in a minute."

"We'll take the street car, if you please," said Miss Allen. If her voice was as cold as that, no wonder she shivered. She seemed to try to thaw it out a little as she went on. "They run right near Mrs. Bigg's house—and there's one coming now. Oh, no, these things aren't heavy. I'm leaving the goose for you." She was already crossing the street. Jabez and the goose followed reluctantly.

The car was slowing down for them. "We'd better take a cab after all," pleaded Jabez. "This seems pretty public."

She looked at him in cold surprise. "That's exactly what it is," she answered, and the conductor helped her up the step.

They found a seat and wedged themselves into it, heaping their packages in the aisle.

"I was mighty sorry to leave those unfortunate men to their fate," Jabez began.

Miss Allen made no reply in words but her face was expressive, and Jabez caught the idea.

"Well, I'll own up," he said. "I was glad to have the chumps pulled. They were in my way. They might as well learn one time as another that that's a dangerous place for little boys to play around in. I wanted to see you by yourself. I didn't come back to town and run my head right into the—"

He checked himself, "noose" was coarse as well as, fortunately, inaccurate, so he changed the figure.

"—didn't run into all sorts of perils just for nothing, Miss Allen—Ursula—"

He glanced at her sideways, to see how she took it. The look about the corners of her mouth was not unfriendly, but her eye was occupied with some one across the car.

"It is what you call public here," she said. "We seem to be attracting some attention."

He followed her look. It rested on a nondescript person in a tan overcoat.

Jabez expected to find him staring at Miss Allen (the expectation was reasonable) and was surprised to find the gleaming, sinister eye of the stranger fixed upon himself. Jabez pulled his hat a little lower over his own eyes and turned what you may call a cold shoulder upon him.

Had the man in the tan overcoat been a tender, sensitive soul he would have shrunk away at this rebuff. But he was not. He leaned across the aisle and tapped our hero confidentially on the knee. "Isn't your name Jabez McAdam?" he asked.

"You've made a mistake this time," said Jabez over his shoulder. "You need another guess."

"I've got it coming," said the other, darkly, and he walked to the forward platform, which was crowded with smokers.

Jabez looked remorsefully after him and uncertainly at Miss Allen. She looked serenely out of the opposite window of the car.

"What sort of perils can you have meant," she said. "You certainly can't be evading the clutches of the law."

"Why, it's nothing," said Jabez. "A pack of busybodies want to meddle in my private affairs. And you wouldn't believe the way they've hounded me. I have to dodge a constable on every street corner. They've made it impossible for me to tend to necessary business. But I had to come in to see you. Miss Allen,—er—can you see what that fellow is doing on the front platform?"

"He seems to be talking to a friend of his," said Ursula. "—and now the other man is looking in through the window."

"At me?" demanded Jabez.

Ursula glanced over his shoulder and pursed her lips judicially. "I think so," she said.

Jabez turned to look, then thought he wouldn't.

"And now," continued Ursula, "they're coming back into the car."

"Good-bye!" yelled Jabez. The door stuck, as car doors will, when the man in the tan overcoat got it open, Jabez was gone. The car was crowded. It was Christmas eve, and a good deal happened in a very short time. But we cannot pause for the feelings of the old lady into whose lap Jabez's first mad leap had plunged the goose,—for the look on which the lunch-counter cashier impaled the man in the tan overcoat when he trod on her daintily pointed toe,—for the language of the messenger boy. They were gone, leaving a wake of wrath and destruction behind.

Ursula, too, was left behind, though for a moment she did not realize it. Looking eagerly out of the window she thought she saw a man scuttling like a scared cat up a dark little cross street; she thought she saw him take a header over an ash barrel half submerged in an old snow bank, but she could not be sure.

Then she turned back and began gathering up what she could find of Mrs. Bigg's Christmas dinner. She was so busy at this and so intent on ignoring the thirty-two pairs of eyes which were trying to bore holes in her, that she was unaware that the conductor had come in and was standing over her.

"Fare, please," he said, coldly. "And," he added, "if that gent that just skipped out was wid you, you kin pay for him, too."

Ursula began tumbling over the things in her lap. "I'm—" in a sort of gasp,—"I'm afraid," she said, "that I must have left my purse in the automobile."

The conductor was not an amiable man. "It makes no odds to the comp'ny where you left it," he began. "Ten cents, please, now." But at this moment a man who had been riding on the front platform with a turkey came back into the car. "Here's your ten cents," he said, and sat in the vacant place beside Miss Allen.

"I was taking this bird out to Mrs. Callahan's," he observed in his prosaic way as he tucked it between his feet. "I'm glad I happened to be on the same car."

It was Jones.

"I'm glad, too," said Ursula.

We now return to the man who fell over the ash-barrel. McAdam, for it

was indeed he, was not hurt, for the barrel was covered with a heap of last week's snow, shoveled up there from the street. He decided that, for the moment, he was safest where he was. He crouched down in the snow behind the barrel "with listening ear," as Shakespeare says, waiting for the chase to go by. Two, three, five minutes passed and nothing of the sort happened. Only the snow, in which he nestled, slowly melted around him, became, in fact, uncomfortably slushy. Perhaps the pursuit was abandoned, or perhaps there was some trick about this apparent inactivity. He would try to find out.

Cautiously he lifted his head and looked down the street. Nothing to be seen at first but the crowd hurrying along the well-lighted avenue where the cars ran. But when he looked again he had the doubtful satisfaction of seeing two dim figures—one unmistakably in a tan overcoat—lounging in an entry near the corner. They didn't seem to mind waiting.

McAdam sagaciously reflected that if they remained so cheerfully at this end of the street it must be because they knew there was no way for him to get out the other. Perhaps they would give him up eventually, but in the meantime—How warm and dry Delancey and the Reverend Arthur must be in the comfortable police station.

Suddenly he straightened up. "Shucks!" he murmured, "It's Christmas eve. They'll be glad of a little peace and good will on their own account. I'll put it strong. Say two hundred apiece." He reached back to his hip pocket, where his joy-dispenser, still obese, unimpaired by the stray leaves which had fluttered from it that evening, should have reposed. You know what had become of it. McAdam, happily for him, did not. He paddled around in the snow in search of it, then gave it up and collected from his various pockets his total cash resources. They came to two dollars and fifty-five cents. Would the constables accept his promise to pay? He was inclined to think not.

AND THEN IN A MOMENT THEY KNEW WHERE JONES HAD HUNG THE MISTLETOE

He uttered a sigh of despair, for without that friendly bulge in his hip-pocket he felt forsaken indeed, when his eye chanced on a lighted window across the street. "J. Schoenhoeven," was printed on it, "Wigs and Costumes." And then his eye lighted with hope. "Saved!" he murmured.

Snatching his chance when a fire engine went tearing down the avenue—on its way no doubt to some premature Santa Claus afire in a Christmas tree—he dashed across the street, up the stairs, into the shop.

"I'm going to a party to-night," he said to the young man in charge. I want to wear something neat and handsome that—that'll keep my friends from knowing me."

Ordinarily, McAdam had only to appear to command respect, but falling over an ash barrel, staving in his hat,

and lying for half an hour in the street had made him a good deal less impressive. At least it did not overpower the clerk.

"About what price?" he asked, coldly.

Jabez looked a bit sick at that, "Something about two fifty," he said.

With a haughty wave of the hand, the young man pointed to a dingy heap upon the counter, the last of its race. "That's all we have at two fifty," he said.

* * * * * * * * *

The Reverend Arthur and Delancey reached the Allen's house at exactly eight o'clock, simultaneously with six little girls from across the street. 'In the hall they encountered Ursula. She bundled the little girls off upstairs.

"And I must be off, too," she said. "We're just this minute up from dinner. We were dreadfully late getting home, and I have to dress. I wish I had time to hear how you two got out of jail."

"We didn't find it necessary to accompany the officers to the station—" began the Reverend Arthur, coolly. "We—"

"I'll hear all about it later," she interrupted. "Now run along and help Mr. Jones with the Christmas tree in the music room, you know—"

"Ah, Mr. Jones is here," said Delancey. "Has Mr. Mc—"

"Mr. Jones dined here," said Ursula, turning toward the stairway. "You must help him get through with the tree because he has to dress. He is going to be my Santa Claus, you know."

My Santa Claus! If they had known she regarded it in just that light they would have fought for the part themselves. Well, it was too late now.

So they went to the music room to the menial occupation of "helping Jones." But Jones said they could do nothing for him: indeed his expression of the fact was so vivacious when they all but set fire to the tree with a cigarette, that they retired in good order to the great hall.

"Think of his dining here in a morning coat," observed Delancey.

"He makes himself useful," said the Rev. Arthur. So they stood where they commanded a view of the great front door, lazily looked over the new arrivals, and waited for Ursula's reappearance on the scene to make it worth while taking a part.

Jeems stood by the big door grandly admitting the guests. The bell rang downstairs where he could not hear it, but a foot fall on the porch or the crunching of a carriage in the drive told him when any one was coming. So he was a good deal surprised, not to say startled at hearing, without any preliminary sound whatever, a faint rat-tat on the door.

He opened it a little way and was still more surprised at seeing no one there. Then, as he was about to close it again, he was electrified by a hoarse whisper:

"Open the door. Let me in."

Opening wider he made out a dark figure with a venerable beard huddled in the shadow of the doorway. This was scandalous.

"Be off, now," he said, severely. "No beggars allowed."

"Beggar," said the hoarse voice, as though something were choking it. "I'm a friend of Miss Allen's. Stand aside, you fool, and let me in. Quick! They'll see me in a minute."

"You look like a friend of hers!! You do indeed! Come, be off now, or I'll turn you over to the police."

"I'm her Santa Claus. That's why I'm dressed this way," shouted the applicant, furiously, but not forgetting caution so far as to come out into the light.

"You're drunk," said Jeems, advancing into the dark, courageously intent on flinging the intruder off the porch.

It was a false move. Disreputable he looked, drunk he might be, but the unknown was certainly quick. Before Jeems had fairly got clear of the door he had shot past him into the vestibule.

The light revealed the full horror of him, a tunic of greasy red cotton flannel with draggled tufts of white along the edges. Red worsted tights of which the less said the better. A pair of yellow oil-cloth boots broken and muddy, and over his head a torn tangle of frowsy white hair. And this hideous travesty prefigured Santa

Claus! Here was the saint of Christmas!

Upon this blasphemous parody, Jeems sprang with a cry of horror. But the parody was more than he bargained for, that was evident in less than five seconds. However, reinforcements were at hand. The Reverend Arthur rushed to the rescue, and a little behind came Delancey.

The door stood wide open. The scuffle was plainly to be seen from the street, and two men, one in a tan overcoat, were rushing across the lawn, intent on taking a hand of their own in the affair. Altogether, it was lively while it lasted. But it was short.

As the two men from outside dashed up the steps, the big door swung to with a click, and Jones, who had closed it, said, in his quiet way:

"Get up. Get up. Don't you know his voice? It's McAdam."

They scrambled to their feet. It is safe to say that unless they knew his voice they could hardly have recognized him. The disguise by now, at least, was effective.

They looked at him aghast. Then, as they heard Ursula's step on the stairs, Jeems, with, as Shakespeare says, "one auspicious and one dropping eye," helped him to his feet.

Jabez pulled off his wig and dropped it on the floor. He tugged impotently at his beard. "The damned thing won't come off," he said with something like a sob. "It's glued on!"

Ursula stood before him. Pretty much every one else in the house was there, too, for the sound of the scuffle had been audible all over it, but his experience of the last two hours had reduced him to his element. There was an epic simplicity about him. He saw only Ursula.

"I've come back," he said. "I wanted to speak to you, so I came back—"

"Come in here," said Ursula. She led him through the crowd into a little reception room, and closed the door after her.

Jones herded the mob back into the drawing rooms. Jeems went back to opening the door again, looking, except as to his eyes, as though nothing had happened. But the Rev. Arthur and P. Wilmering remained frozen when they stood and gazed at each other.

This is what was happening behind that closed door.

"Before you say anything to me, Mr. McAdam, I want to ask for your good wishes," said Ursula.

"My good wishes!" he echoed.

She held out her hands and he saw that she wore no rings but one solitaire brilliant upon a third finger.

It was a moment before he comprehended.

"So my account is closed out," he said. "I wasn't in time to cover my margins after all."

"It wasn't a matter of time," said Ursula, blushing a little, "but you do give me your good wishes, don't you?"

"All of 'em," he said, shaking hands. "—Can I have a cup of coffee?"

After he had had it, he felt enough better to look up his two rivals. He found them at last in an obscure corner of the great hall, gloomily—he would have said—watching the festivities in the drawing room.

There was a complex tissue of emotions to be read in his face, but a smile of pure good humor dominated it.

He had not asked Ursula which of them was the successful one. At the time he hadn't cared much. But now he was puzzled to, as it were, pick the winner. Whichever it was, he looked exactly as the other must feel.

"Well," said Jabez with what cheerfulness he could muster, "which one of you fellows do I congratulate?"

"What?" shouted the Reverend Arthur.

"What?" echoed Delancey.

"Whose ring is it she's wearing?" demanded Jabez. "One of you ought to know."

"Not I," said the Reverend Arthur. Again echo answered,

"Not I"

And then a sickening silence enveloped them.

In the drawing room the tide of fun was rising steadily. Expectation stood a-tiptoe. It was nearly time for the Christmas tree. But for the moment the leaders of the merriment had

disappeared. Ursula and—Jones, were nowhere to be seen.

Weren't they, though?

Suddenly, Jabez laid compelling hands on the other two. They turned and followed his look.

There were two figures in the dark—the almost dark recess at the far end of the hall. This was a children's party, but these weren't children.

And then in a moment Jabez, the Reverend Arthur and Mr. P. Wilmering Delancey knew where Jones had hung the mistletoe.

"I'm going to get out of this," said Wilmering.

"I think I must be going myself," said the Rev. Arthur.

"I *can't* go," said Jabez.

"My car is here," said Delancey. "We could make a dash—"

"I never could get out to it," said Jabez. "They're waiting for me on the side-walk.

"Possibly," hesitated the Rev. Arthur, "if I were to go first—er—dressed in such a manner as to create a diversion—?"

"Reverend!" exclaimed Jabez, "you're a brick." He opened a door that happened to be at hand. "I guess we can change clothes in here," he said.

Five minutes later Jones and Ursula came upon the product of the metamorphosis.

"But you need the wig to make you complete," said Jones. "Here it is."

The Reverend Arthur had put his hand to the plow. He put on the wig.

Delancey returned from a momentary sortie to the carriage drive. "My man has the motor going," he reported, "and there isn't snow enough to bother us. We can be off in a minute."

The Rev. Arthur shook hands with Ursula, walked into the vestibule and Jeems let him out into the night.

From a darkened window they watched him as he vaulted the low fence and sped away down the street pursued by a volcanic figure in a tan overcoat.

"Now!" cried Ursula. "Now is your time! Oh, don't stop, Good luck! Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas to all of you!"

They were gone. Jones, alone, remained at her side;—only Jones!

THE PASSING OF EVE

BY GLADYS MUIR

I.

ALL WAS silent. No sound broke in upon the quiet of the noontide. The trees of the primeval forest grew tall and mighty, their giant limbs stretching ever upwards, toward the sun, whose piercing rays dared not penetrate their luxuriant foliage.

Far down beneath them, at the feet of these ancient monarchs, all Nature slept in the siesta of the Orient, deep in slumber.

Even the huge, palm-like ferns were bending low as if they too sensed sleep in the humid air; and on the limpid waters of the stream the waxy lotus floated with half-closed petals.

Pervading everywhere, a soft green twilight, caused from the leafy canopy overhead, diffused itself, making almost imperceptible the shadowy outlines of a superb figure, which lay half concealed amidst a mass of gorgeous, drooping orchids.

Ah! the acme of God's handiwork was that perfect form, before which even Diana would pale, and no alien in that adytum of nature, for to her belonged the kingdom, to the Queen of All, Eve, First Woman of the World.

With head pillowed on one graceful arm, her face was turned to view, a face beyond description, lent additional charm by the ever-deepening flush of fever.

And joyous must have been her dreams, which often caused her lips to wreathe in blissful smiles.

And over all watched the eye of the Great Creator.

II.

An hour passed slowly by, and yet all was serene; but ere another wore itself away the change began.

The leopard which had lain crouched upon a moss-grown tree trunk blinked his eyes and, leaping down, sneaked furtively past the unconscious sleeper among the orchids, sniffing the air uneasily as he went his way. The ferns lifted their drooping fronds, while the flowers slowly raised their wilted petals into position; and high above faint twitterings were heard from the awakening birds, faint, as if they were repressed by fear, and yet wished to give full vent to the music in their throats.

Darker grew the twilight; it deepened into gloom.

A crackling sound among the twigs of the underbrush roused the Fair One from her dreams.

"Ah! it is thou, my Beloved," she murmured, "thy coming seemeth late this day." Opening her heavy eyelids, she gazed far into the branches overhead.

"What meaneth this strange darkness which is come upon us, O Wise One? Do mine eyes deceive me, that I see thee not, or, perchance, the fever hath it left me blind?" she questioned.

In the pause which followed, she called again, "Adam where are thou?" to which came no reply.

Something lightly touched her shoulder; putting up her hand she encountered the dainty head of a fawn.

"Ah, Favorite," she exclaimed, "thou wert not he whom I would see,—but thou wilt do. Aye, 'tis better thou art come, pretty creature, that I may not die of loneliness." At this a silvery peal of laughter escaped her lips. Never had the thought of death been more remote.

She had closed her eyes again, but now opened them as the fawn, in search of some accustomed favor, thrust its slender nose into her outstretched palm.

"Alas, Beauty, I have naught to give thee now; no, and never again shall I pluck the sweets of Eden and give them to thee, for our Eden is lost to us; we are cast out forever, Beauty," she continued, sadly, "and the Almighty

hath forbidden us ever to enter within the gates. Beauty, although I still live on, that measure of God's wrath was the death-stroke to my happiness, and though I fain would appear as it mattered not, the very thought gnaweth mine heart as fire eateth the flesh.

"Oh, why listened I to the luring of the Evil One? Why —?" she stopped, abruptly. "But why should I complain thus. It is no fault of mine; the blame lies with the serpent who tempted me to sin," she exclaimed, with a defiant toss of her noble head.

"I will not suffer," she continued, a bitter inflection toning her voice. "It is as fair here; Eden bloomed—no—greater—" she faltered.

It was growing more difficult for her to speak, for the fever was asserting itself in sharp little pains which seemed to shoot through her very heart.

A long, low rumble broke upon the silence, a rumble afar off, yet heavy with impending danger; the sultry air was close to breathe.

Eve gasped. Ah! well she remembered that dreadful sound; how the Heavens had bellowed it forth as she passed from the Garden of Eden.

With one hand placed upon the quivering shoulder of the fawn, she struggled to her feet. A great anger overcame and maddened her.

"I defy every living creature on the earth or under it. I defy the Heavens," she hissed, and her voice grew into a piercing scream as she ended with "I defy my Father."

The thunders rolled on.

A vivid streak of lightning revealed her as she stood there—a perfect Amazon of dazzling beauty, one arm raised aloft in bold defiance, her lustrous eyes flashing the fire of anger. Ah! it needed but one glance of those eyes to lose a man's soul, as poor Adam discovered to his infinite sorrow or perhaps joy,—who can tell?

III.

One moment passed in breathless stillness. The fawn, which had been mutely endeavoring to allay the frenzied woman's outburst, fled.

The seconds passed; the death-like hush continued; a horrible fear of an unknown something crept over Eve. She stood transfixed, unable to move, paralyzed by a foreboding of doom.

Then came the crash! The pent-up fury of the storm hurled itself down with the force of ten thousand Hercules. The Heavens had accepted the challenge of Eve. Great trees might have been twigs, so quickly were they fallen.

Frightened birds, tossed from their nests in the swaying branches, fluttered feebly trying to regain their poise, but all their efforts were vain, for in a few seconds they were crushed to earth, their brilliant plumage scorched by the breath of Satan, the lightning.

Cowering and sobbing, the Queen of All lay prostrate on the grass. How insignificant a thing was woman.

A huge cobra glided over the limp form, scorning the being who had sunk so low, although he brought a message from his master. "Would Eve yield to him?—another kingdom would be hers."

But Eve vouched no reply, and the serpent glided on.

"O my Father!" she moaned, "wilt thou forgive thine erring one? Grant thy mercy to a most wretched sinner, who hast wilfully gone astray. Father, take thy child home,—mine heart has grown cold in thy displeasure. I am so tired; oh, take me home."

As suddenly as it had arisen, the awful storm abated; the thunders ceased as with the twinkling of an eye. The hand of God was present.

A strange, sweet sense of peace stole over Eve; she smiled and lapsed into unconsciousness from which she was never to awaken.

* * * * * *

Later, when the magnificent splendor of the setting sun turned each pendant raindrop into a sparkling diamond, Adam returned, and gazed with awe upon that symbol of divine forgiveness, the smile written upon the face before him.

And as he stood, there fell upon his ears a symphony of rippling bird melody, in cadence sweet and low, to render thanks unto the Giver of All,—a prelude to the night.

The Changeling

by Madge Macbeth

Author of "The Intruders" etc.

Illustrated by L. J. Herndon

Fay Chester, an orphan, was the daughter of a clergyman who had married an actress of the emotional school. The girl's temperament combined the physical magnetism of her mother with the keen intellect of her father. Escaping from the too ardent attentions of one of her admirers, Gordon Wylde, she makes a visit to her cousin, Chester Sayre and his wife, Lorna, who are not only in poor circumstances but are struggling under the burden of Chester's continued ill-health. In their adversity, Chester's friend, Clinton Northrop, is a tower of strength, lending them his advice and help in all their difficulties. Lorna unconsciously compares the two men, her husband and Clinton Northrop, and finds herself wishing that her husband were more like Northrop in character, as he is, oddly enough, in looks. On the other hand, Northrop's interest in Lorna's strong personality grows, day by day. Fay, in the meantime, becomes somewhat disturbed in spirit when Gordon Wylde comes to town to renew his attentions to her. She rejects his suit and he distresses her by suggesting that Lorna and Clinton Northrop are in love with each other. Chester becomes much worse and is sent to a sanitarium at Saranac. Meanwhile, Clinton remains to protect Laura. Fay meets Mrs. Patterson and her son, Robert, at a summer resort and resents a rudeness of Mrs. Patterson's. Meeting Robert, she decides to punish his mother through him, but when he asks her to marry him, she decides that she cares more for him than for her revenge and accepts his proposal.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

Robert lifted the miserable little face to his and kissed the trembling lips very quietly.

"I want to ask you a question," he said.

"Well?"

"Do you think I am strong?"

"Yes."

"Why and how?"

"Because you never lose control of yourself," answered Fay slowly, "you seem to decide a thing entirely with your mind, your senses have nothing to do with it, I suppose."

"And do you trust me; I mean, would you trust me to decide something for you?"

"Absolutely."

"Again why?"

"Because your perspective is good. I would have the certainty that you would play fair. You are a wonderful man, Bobbie—if I do say so—I who had a hand in your education."

"Then," he continued, without giving heed to the last part of Fay's speech, "don't you think you are worrying needlessly?"

The girl was silent, even now she was strangely depressed.

"You mean that you consider yourself a foeman worthy of him?" she asked.

"More than that," was the triumphant answer, "by your own admission, he only is strong in spots, whereas you trust in me and depend on my strength all the time. As for the reformation, it will never be; I have not had much experience, but something intuitive tells me that he will always be as you know him now, or worse."

"Yes, that sort of abandon amounts to insanity. I should not be surprised at anything he did. He is coming back in a fortnight," she said presently. "He has sent for his steam launch. That will be fun, don't you think?"

"Jolly," agreed Patterson, "and if he does not see fit to include me in his parties, I will get on, myself, although

it seems hardly worth while for the few weeks we will be here. Could you be ready in two months, dear?"

Fay laughed. "Oh, yes, I am not the kind of girl who sews herself into a frazzle a year before her wedding. I hate a fuss; it makes me sick to think of choosing a trousseau!"

Bobbie smiled affectionately at the vehemence of the speaker.

"I thought all women loved shopping," he said teasingly.

"I hate it!" cried Fay. "Pushing and fighting one's way through a crowded store, watching a hundred women sticking like barnacles around a bargain counter; ugh, it's disgusting!"

"Quite," agreed Robert.

"I *hate* best clothes," the girl went on, "I hate looking dressed up *sometimes*, and there's nothing which makes me more furious than for someone to say 'How well you look to-night.' If you expect a splurge when I buy my trousseau, Robert Patterson, you will be disappointed,for it will be identically the same as my ordinary fall wardrobe. Those sparks are flying on my dress; you will have to give up smoking for the present, or sit over there on that log," and to Fay's intense surprise and secret pleasure, Bobbie immediately rose and seated himself on the piece of wreckage.

"I can look at you better from here," he said.

"Does your mother still feel so cut up?" asked Fay suddenly.

"I can't say she is entirely reconciled." Robert looked at his *fiancee* and smiled.

"Poor Mrs. Patterson," sighed the girl, "you may not believe it, but I am truly sorry for her, it must be dreadfully hard."

Robert's grief was well controlled. "Don't bother," he said, "she has her Foreign Missions and Coal Heavers' Unions. There, now, you are getting blue again. Is it the mater or Wylde, this time?"

"Neither," answered Fay dreamily, "it is myself. Did you ever have a feeling that something big and strong, something from which there was no escape was coming upon you?" She watched a tiny sail far out on the horizon catching the glint of the sunlight. "I feel that now; there is something which I can't escape, I might even say I don't want to try. I am so tired fighting things, I feel there is something to happen that I can't resist. Did you ever experience that?"

Patterson knocked the ashes from his pipe and walked slowly over to Fay dropping down beside her, and taking her in his arms.

"I feel exactly like that now," he whispered mischievously. "There seems to be something I can't resist,—I don't want to—a something from which I can't escape"; he bent closer, "the absolute necessity of kissing you."

* * * * * * *

"I feel that I am going to drown."

"Fay!"

"Come, let us go back; the ocean is making me sad."

CHAPTER XIV.

We need variety in charity, as well as anything else. There are few people who can stand the monotony of having their sympathies called upon in one direction for any length of time.

The case of Mrs. Sayre was such an example. When her husband first went away, and little by little, the facts about his illness were known, some few people made sympathetic advances to Lorna. But while she did not repel them, the extreme sensitiveness of her nature scarcely could be said to invite them, and the constant illness of her children made it quite impossible for her to keep in touch with what friends she had. The few offers of help, such as doing embroidery, were soon withdrawn, and her very courage was to many an unfavorable sign.

It is hard to realize that persons are in want or pain when they are able to stand erect, and look the world squarely and unflinchingly in the eye. Had Lorna been crushed or broken, she would doubtless have had numbers of people waiting at her door to help; they would have enjoyed doing charitable acts, ostensibly. But this self-reliance was almost a repulse, so they soon forgot her—all but one.

And that one—she was no other than Mrs. Jerrold Patterson.

The news of Chester's illness came to her in a roundabout manner; she was visiting a workman who had met with a serious accident, one day just before Christmas. Suddenly his wife began to cry because there would be no stockings for the children.

"With my man out of work, and the boss away, and his lady havin' so much trouble, there'll be a sorry Christmas for the Hudson's this year, ma'am."

"What do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Patterson.

"Mr. Sayre, ma'am. He was took sick a couple of months ago and had to go off to a hospital, I take it; and just lately his baby died, and the missus is havin' no end of trouble. She used always to remember us at Christmas, that she did, ma'am. Ah, I sez to Hudson, there, 'taint just the poor folks who have their troubles, ma'am."

"Very sad," agreed Mrs. Patterson, tonelessly, "very sad, I shall go to see her, directly."

"And 'taint that she won't have us in mind, ma'am, either," continued the woman, "for she sent us some things by a gentleman just the other day; 'tis that she is feeling the pinch of havin' her man laid up, ma'am, I know. Mrs. O'Brien the lady a-living with her let so much drop when I was last havin' a cup of tea with her. My, but he is a grand fine gentleman that Mr. Northrop, ma'am! 'Tis a lucky thing that the madam has him to cheer her while the boss is away."

It is interesting to note that the woman of the lower class spoke with childlike innocence, and that the woman of the upper class spoke with veiled suspicion.

"Perhaps," she said, insinuatingly, "she is none too lucky. However, I shall make it my business to find out all I can, and go to see her. If she is really in want, I may be able to secure her a suitable position."

With infinite satisfaction Mrs. Patterson looked upon this case from a reporter's standpoint, anticipating good material for her next paper, "Modern Homes and Their Corruptions."

During the next few days she found out quite a good many things concerning Mrs. Sayre, or thought she did. She discovered that Lorna had tried to dispose of her rooms, and had failed (which was quite proper, too; no one would wish to live in an infected house), she learned about the needle work, and she heard gossip which

MRS. PATTERSON IGNORED LORNA'S OUTSTRETCHED HAND

stimulated her curiosity to know more.

She began a system of espionage, for she wished to be sure, walking past the Sayre's home several times a day, and often she was abundantly rewarded, for Northrop made it his business to stop there at least once through the day to see how Phoebe was. Often he went straight there from the office with something for the child, and sat with her while Lorna rested, and Nanny prepared the tea. And on several of these occasions Mrs. Patterson saw

him, and drew her own conclusions.

So early one morning Nanny brought word that a lady wished to see Mrs. Sayre.

But for the hope that someone wanted to see the rooms, Lorna would not have left Phoebe, who had passed a wretched night. She bent over the cot anxiously a moment, then with a stifled sigh went to the drawing room, with a vague feeling of uneasiness.

"Why, it is Mrs. Patterson!" she cried in surprise.

"I came," began the visitor, ignoring Mrs. Sayre's outstretched hand, "to offer you assistance, I should have come before, had I known you needed it. The Hudson man, who was employed by your husband, told me."

"Yes," said Lorna, "you are very kind."

Mrs. Patterson bowed in acknowledgment of the truth of this statement.

"This room is cold," she said, drawing her furs closer. "You should keep your house at 78°; what makes that child cry so?"

"She probably wants me, she is not very well," answered the mother, uneasily. "You were about to suggest something, Mrs. Patterson." She was anxious to get back to Phoebe, whose voice could be heard, distinctly.

Mrs. Patterson cleared her throat. "You know doubtless," she said, sitting rigidly erect, "that I am a prime mover in all the charitable schemes of this city. I am the president of most of them, and chairman of many, and there are none in which I am not interested. Now, it happens that one or the other of them has a meeting once a month in the Drayton building, and both the ladies on the various committees and the women or men belonging to the organizations, meet to report their progress during the time which has elapsed since the last meeting. In each case we need some one to take charge of things for us and would pay well for efficient services." She paused a moment, and Lorna spoke.

"But, if you have me in mind, I have had no experience in such things, and fear that it would give you more trouble teaching me, than I would be worth to you in the end. What would I have to do?"

"To take charge of the place," Mrs. Patterson repeated impatiently. She had every reason to be annoyed; here she was giving her valuable time and offering assistance to this Mrs. Sayre, who insisted upon being told just what she had to do.

There were very few times when the president felt uncomfortable, but this was one. By a strange chain of circumstances she was reminded of the morning of her call upon Mrs. Harris, and a hesitation (born purely of weakness, at other times unknown to her) a feeling that somehow she was not going to say just the right thing occurred to her. It was tactless of Mrs. Sayre to put her in that position.

"You would have to go to the building early, and see that it was clean and swept, you know," something prompted the charitable person to say. "I have often swept, and aired my room, then you would have to prepare the refreshments, sandwiches, tea, etcetera (there is a very convenient kitchen there) in the afternoon,—these women have to be examined, carefully, to see that they are in a fit and cleanly state, before they seat themselves in the hall—that you would see to, keeping wash cloths, towels and soap convenient. After the business part of the meeting is completed you would serve refreshments, and finally clear out the hall, removing the debris, and ventilating it properly, before closing it."

Through the whole of this information, Lorna was distracted between trying to follow Mrs. Patterson, and listening to the child crying. Her teeth were chattering with cold and nervousness, and every breath was a struggle.

She did not answer at once—wondering just how much of this proposal she had heard aright. The fact that she was being offered a menial position did not offend her, she did not give a thought to that; if she hesitated at all it was because she disliked the thought of being all day away from her home,

and the doubt as to whether she was physically able to do the necessary work.

But Mrs. Patterson interpreted her silence erroneously, and a hard look came over her face. The ingratitude of some people!

"I should remind you," she said, patronizingly, "that even though there *might* be people who would be impelled by—pity, to help you, I understand there are none such here, they have not had the courage to come forward as I have done and offer you help."

Even the look of bewilderment in Lorna's face did not deter Mrs. Patterson from sending her shaft.

"*I* gave you the benefit of the doubt, however, and persuaded myself that you would prefer earning your own living to accepting aid from—from—other quarters," she concluded with meaning.

For an instant Chester Sayre's wife was speechless. She could not believe her senses, surely her own evil mind imagined this; her conscience must indeed be guilty! But the look of cruelty and suspicion on the face opposite, was a proof that she had heard aright, and the red flushed into her thin cheeks, painfully.

She rose.

"I don't pretend to misunderstand you," Lorna said, hoarsely, she was a little frightened, for the room swayed unsteadily, and Mrs. Patterson's face seemed covered with red spots, "and I won't stoop to deny your implied accusation. However, I *do* refuse your noble offer of assistance. I used to feel that I belonged to your kind; now, I thank God I do not. I used to try to help people, gaining an immense amount of pleasure from the thought that *I* was of use in the world. But, if I ever gave so much pain to the innocent victim of my charity as you have given, this morning, to me, I swear that I have been amply punished." She opened the front door. "I will now ask you to excuse me."

Mrs. Patterson left the house in deep disgust. It was what she might have expected from such a person. But at least she had proof that what was hinted at was correct. The flaming red which flew to Lorna's face when she understood that Mrs. Patterson knew! And the way she refused her offer of help, she supposed the position was too lowly, and would prefer to be kept in luxury by her husband's friend! And the longer she pondered over it, the more aggrieved she felt until by the time her home was reached *she* was the one who had received the insult.

At first people had said, "Poor dear little Mrs. Sayre," then as weeks went by, "poor Mrs. Sayre"; later it was "that little Mrs. Sayre," and from now—thanks to Mrs. Patterson—"That Mrs. Sayre, who—well, you know what I mean"—

As she shut out the figure of Mrs. Jerrold Patterson, a dozen emotions worked in Lorna's breast. She trembled violently, but not from cold; she was faint with nausea, and her knees almost refused to support her.

"The house *is* cold" she said to herself, as she mechanically tottered down the steps into the cellar. The fire was very low, and for a quarter of an hour Lorna worked unceasingly with the furnace, shaking, sifting and feeding it. Her mouth was dry and her nostrils smarted with the dense cloud of ashes in the cellar, but she was scarcely conscious of it. Her mind was rehearsing Mrs. Patterson's words, and their hideous meaning. So in all her innocence people thought her guilty—what a reward to set on virtue!

She lifted a shovel full of coal and prepared to throw it into the fire; in that instant a blinding, stabbing pain shot through her back, and the red light in the furnace suddenly went black. Something thick and warm choked her, as she leaned forward against the cement floor which rose obligingly to the level of her head.

Nanny found her and put her to bed, but could only prevail upon her to remain there for a few hours. "The child needs me," she said, and spent her time with the little girl, who would never know of her mother's sacrifice and agony. All this occurred a few days before Phoebe's death and even Northrop never knew of it.

A week or so afterwards he an-

nounced his intention of going to Saranac. "Do you think it wise?" he asked.

"You mean on Chester's account?" Lorna was leaning back against some pillows, on the couch where Fay had sat six months before, presenting a very different picture. Her hair was also black and lay loose and heavy on her forehead, but her eyes had the restless, troubled look of one who dreads to be alone, who looks beyond the present, either into a past, hideous with thoughts of what might have been, or into a future mysterious with shadows of what is to be. Her face was thin, but Northrop thought he never had seen her so lovely, her lips and cheeks dyed with a deep crimson, her eyes, shadowed, but bright.

"Yes, on Chester's account; we really do not know how he is; how much my visit would excite him, I don't know, although, of course, if they did not want me to see him, they need not tell him I had come."

"If you can spare the time, by all means go," Lorna's voice sounded heavy and dull, and even Northrop only partly guessed how very ill she was. Aside from the weakness which comes with burning fever the accusing words of Mrs. Patterson were never absent from her thoughts. Even now, as she answered Clinton, she began conjecturing what construction "they" would put upon his going. Every moment he stayed in the house she felt as though some one stood by to accuse her, and the hardest part of it all was that she had allowed herself to grow dependent upon his sympathy and help, and yet this oppressive burden must be borne alone.

"It will be hard to talk to the dear old chap," Northrop was saying, "there will be so many things I must not tell and I was never good at evasions. I wish you were going, Lorna."

"Perhaps I can go later," she answered mechanically, and instantly she began to wonder what "they" would say if she went to see her husband.

If Northrop went to Saranac and found him better they would say he hurried back to warn her and cover their tracks, and being better she need not go to see him. If he were worse, in a critical state, she would go in all probability to give a decent appearance to the business, and come back to Northrop feeling that they had stood by Chester faithfully.

God, they would think she wanted him *to die!* The horror of the thought turned her faint, and she caught her breath, choking. Her boy, her big, loving dependent Chester!

Her cough had a peculiar hollowness which Northrop had never noticed before. "Have you had the doctor?" he asked.

"No, I am all right, except for a little cold. It is hard to get rid of one in the winter. Does the house feel quite warm to you?"

"Quite, are you chilly?"

Lorna laughed a little.

"I am both burning and freezing," she said, "and worse, I am cross and irritable. You had better go before I am rude."

Clinton left his chair and sat down on the edge of the couch beside her. "Your hands are burning," he said, taking one of them, and holding it firmly, "but you are shaking with cold. Lorna, Lorna, don't get ill," his voice throbbed with suffering. "What do you think is the matter?" he asked more quietly. Surely it was not for him to add to her troubles, by the sight of his anxiety.

"Cold, I tell you, cold," she answered petulantly, and drew her hand away.

He sat there a moment in silence.

"There is something bothering you," Clinton took her hand again and looked earnestly into the hazel eyes, which of late seemed to be always suffused with tears; "something new, I mean. Can't you tell me, dear?"

For an instant Lorna wavered, she came very near repeating Mrs. Patterson's words feeling that Northrop would take the burden from her shoulders and life would be, at least, bearable. During the moments of her indecision though, he turned the palm of her hand toward the light and saw there indelible marks of toil. "What makes your hand so rough?" he asked.

"Hardened, by trying to pull the

belt of sufficiency around the waist of necessity," was the woman's bitter reply, and she burst into weak tears.

CHAPTER XV.

"FAY," cried Millie Evans bursting into Miss Chester's room, "come at once—we want you! Walter has the boat in proper running order and we are going to the bay for an oyster supper, then home by moonlight. Hurry."

"Oh, not to-day, Millie," Fay answered, hardly looking up from the letter she was reading, "you know the limit of my amiability is two and one half hours, and you would have me struggling to be pleasant an extra three or four, depending upon the humor of the engine, and Walter's ingenuity. I don't feel a bit funny to-day." The letter was from Lorna.

"Never mind," said Millie, magnanimously, "we can stand it, and I've already asked Mr. Patterson. Of course, his going rests with you, but if you don't come, you'll spoil the party."

"What party?"

"Why, I forgot to mention the *raison d'etre* of this jollification is an old friend of yours."

"A man or merely a male?"

Mrs. Evans laughed. "That's like you! I suppose it would never occur to you that an old friend might be a woman. Guess."

Fay removed her tan-shod feet from the chair opposite and folded up Lorna's letter.

"You interest me," she said with dramatic nonchalance, "who is she?"

"Mrs. Corbett!"

Fay uttered a cry of surprise. "Corbett! Do you mean the Mrs. Corbett I used to know when I lived with aunt Emmaline?"

Millie nodded. "One and the same," she said. "She only came last night, but somehow we drifted together this morning, and she gleaned from my conversation that I had a friend over here named Chester. From that, it was but a step to learn who Miss Chester really was. I told her everything I knew—she made me—and hinted at many things I am not sure of. We made you the sole subject of our morning's conversation. Didn't your ears burn?"

"Nope; made of asbestos. Finest thing in the world for ears, noses and other susceptible parts, price per dozen boxes—"

"Well, anyway, you really should be awfully flattered, for I never have had such an interested listener. I felt quite brilliant and entertaining, while talking to her."

"That's the secret of her fascination, child. You were not brilliant, *she* is clever. And Mr. Corbett?"

"Defunct, I gather," answered Millie, not at all ruffled by Fay's remark. "She has a satellite at her beck and, call, whom she treats with flattering and supercillious indifference. His name is Ponsonby, and Walter says he is very nice. Now will you come?"

"By all means." cried Miss Chester excitedly. "Help me find some clothes there's a dear! No, no, not that suit; I hate pink before sunset, and if I should burn worse than I am, picture a boiled tomato! That green thing will do. I want to look awfully decent, you know."

"Oh, Fay," sighed Millie, with the dove-like languor of a bride, "don't bother Mr. Ponsonby, he is already checked, I told you."

Miss Chester turned genuinely indignant eyes upon her visitor.

"Dunce," she snapped, "I am dressing to please Mrs. Corbett; I used to be wild about her, she used to fascinate me, as much as the hosts of men, who bothered her to suffocation. She was considered fast, because she did not sit at home every night with her husband, patiently enduring the sight of him reading his evening paper, and because she had a splendid governess for her two little girls, and never allowed them the freedom of her own room nor the drawing room. Yet they were the nicest children I ever knew and both they and the late Mr. Corbett, worshipped the cast off hairpins she threw into her waste paper basket. She once said to me. 'When you are sure of your fascination for people, hedge, cover your tracks, be like a magician—never let the audience see how you do it,' and at my begging for further ex-

planation she whispered mischievously, 'keep by yourself a whole lot,' and left me, just when I wanted to talk to her the most."

"That must be very hard," sighed Millie, plaintively, "if you really love your husband."

"Um-hum," agreed Fay, with her mouth full of hair pins, "but that's the only way to make it last. What is it Max O'Rell says: 'Live on the interest of Love.' Most of us wade right in on the capital and spend it during the first few months, then bankruptcy for the rest of our lives." She looked critically at the back of her hair, then, with the mirror poised in the air, asked:

"Did you tell her about Bobbie?"

"Yes."

"And Gordon?"

"Yes."

"What did she say?"

"She closed her eyes a little and said 'That is not a wise solution, and I can't believe Fay will ever marry either of them' "

Fay laughed.

"She is going to be mistaken for once, then," she said locking her door and handing Millie the key. "Go ahead, and leave that in the office, while I whistle for Bobbie; his mother hates me to do that."

The others were waiting when Fay and Robert reached the landing. Mrs. Corbett greeted the girl with enthusiasm and undisguised pleasure. Each seemed conscious of a buoyancy in the other's presence.

"But for my reputation suffering, I should be tempted to say, 'How small the world is,' child—fancy meeting you here!"

Fay's eyes were gleaming, and laughter bubbled happily from her lips; to Robert she was the embodiment of unrestrained joy.

"I can't find words to tell you how surprised and delighted I was when Mrs. Evans told me you were here, and Mrs. Corbett this is my—fiasco."

Patterson laughed with the others. He enjoyed a joke on himself as well as anyone else, and it was always a source of pleasure to him, this uncertainty of Fay's remarks.

"Not as bad as that, I hope," he replied, helping her into the boat, "rather her *foie*, or stage setting, her most appreciative audience, something to whom she can rehearse her lines before giving the parts to the fastidious public."

"A kind of animated moonlight scene, kind hearted press agent, satisfactory meal ticket, and railroad fare combination; I see. Very well, leave your hat in the back hall, I suppose you will suit—Oh, heavens, I was forgetting! Miss Chester, allow me to introduce Mortimer Ponsonby, the stupidest man on earth. Why I waste my time, or my clothes on him, I can't tell you. Don't pay the slightest attention to him, your charity will be entirely unrewarded."

Fay turned with interest to Mr. Ponsonby. That Mrs. Corbett never bothered herself with stupid people, she fully recognized, and this little burst of apparent scorn was rather high praise from the lady in question. Evidently Mortimer was well worth cultivating.

The introduction was being completed.

"Mr. Patterson, ditto. Two P's in a pod, or rather I should say launch! Mr. Evans, you will forgive my calling your launch a pod, no offence intended, I assure you." Then turning abruptly to Ponsonby who was shaking hands with Robert, she said in an aggrieved tone:

"Why didn't you say something? speak up, little one, you are among friends! Can't you sneeze or cough or do *something* to remind one of your existence? Hopeless," she sighed, in a loud aside to Fay, "perfectly hopeless, but good natured and handy; I was always a patient woman!"

To be continued

A department of theatrical comment and gossip, edited by Currie Love and illustrated with portrait sketches from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell.

KELCEY STAUNTON

A LOOK at Hugh Stuart Campbell's portrait of Kelcey Staunton, which appears on the cover of this number, will explain the remarkable vogue of this young woman, who is one of the discoveries of industrious and quick-witted Anna Held. Miss Staunton has won at sight a place in the gallery of picture beauties who grace the history of the theatre.

ALIAS JIMMIE VALENTINE

MR. H. B. WARNER, who is pleasantly remembered in Canada for his work as leading man with Eleanor Robson for several seasons has blossomed forth as a Liebler and Company star in a new play, *Alias Jimmie Valentine*, dramatized by Paul Armstrong from a short story by O. Henry.

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell
H. B. WARNER
Starring in *Alias Jimmie Valentine*

Jimmie Valentine, as played by Mr. Warner, is a most engaging young scamp, whose charming manners attract the attention of "The Gate of Hope" society, a band of women who endeavor to relieve the monotony of fashionable existence by an effort to ameliorate the condition of the convicts at Sing Sing.

With these estimable and well-intentioned ladies there comes one day a young girl, Rose Lane, who recognizes in Jimmie Valentine the man who has protected her from insult on one occasion when she was travelling alone on a railway train. She appeals to the governor of the state, who pardons Valentine. Miss Lane then persuades her father, president of the Fourth National Bank at Springfield, to give the

ex-convict a position in the bank.

There, under the name of Lee Randall, he establishes an excellent reputation as a banker and causes that charming young person, Rose Lane, to fall violently in love with him.

Just as Rose has consented to marry him and his prospects look brightest, a detective, who has discovered another "job" in Jimmie Valentine's past, turns up to arrest Lee Randall, but Mr. Randall outbluffs the detective, who is about to retire, discomfited, when one of Jimmie's old pals, now watchman in the bank, dashes in and calls on "Jimmie," in agitated tones, to open the new vault in which Rose's little sister, Kittie,

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

LAURETTE TAYLOR

Leading woman with H. B. Warner in *Alias Jimmie Valentine*

has been locked by the mistake of her young brother.

No one knows the combination, so Lee Randall, alias Jimmie Valentine, throws away all his hopes of freedom and love to save little Kittie, and opens the safe by the sense of touch while the detective and Rose watch the manipulations of the man who has been called the "cleverest bank-robber of the time".

He succeeds, and as the little girl falls limp and apparently lifeless through the open door of the vault, "Jimmie" sinks exhausted against the wall and tears the bandage from his eyes only to meet the triumphant gaze of Doyle, the detective, and the reproachful face of the girl he loves.

He gives up and turning to Doyle, says: "Take me, I'm ready to go now," but Rose, with all the inconsequence of a woman in love, runs to him, flings herself into his arms and says: "I don't care. I love you anyway, and I'll wait for you."

Then it is Doyle's turn. He looks at the young lovers and says: "Well, I guess we'll have to cheat the State of Massachusetts."

The play doesn't point a moral in the strictest sense of the word, for properly speaking, Jimmie Valentine should reap his just deserts and be carried off to jail, like any other evil-doer. But everyone is so delighted with Mr. Warner and so charmed with Rose (Laurette Taylor) that no one seems to have any mental reservations as to the appropriateness of the ending.

The play abounds in clever lines and excellent character bits, all of which are remarkably well done, and altogether it looks as if Mr. Warner's starring venture were to be a success.

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell
EDITH DECKER
Prima donna with James T. Powers in *Havana*

LAURETTE TAYLOR

ONE of the most charming of the younger leading women who have sprung into public notice within the last few years is Laurette Taylor, who "plays opposite" H. B. Warner in *Alias Jimmie Valentine*. It is just ten months since Miss Taylor made her first Broadway appearance, and already her work has attracted volumes of press-notices, and what is better, a three-year contract with the Shuberts, who have loaned her, "farmed me out," as she herself expresses it, to Liebler for this production.

Miss Taylor began her career in stock work on the Pacific Coast, where she played every sort of role from Topsy to Marguerite, and where she gained experience that is invaluable to her now that she has successfully stormed the citadels of Broadway.

When the-lady-in-quest-of-

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

DORIS KEANE

Leading woman in *Arsene Lupin*

an-interview sought Miss Taylor, that young actress was in the midst of a final performance of the play before leaving on the midnight train for New York. Her dressing-room was chaos — boxes, trunks, shoes, hats, gloves and make-up, apparently in inextricable confusion. But in the midst of chaos Miss Taylor stood, calm and unperturbed.

Clearing a chair for her visitor, she said: "You know, I've just got all my new clothes in from the shops, and I can't think of anything but colors and textures, and whether my new hat should turn up at the front or the side? There, what do you think about it?" and she turned large, anxious eyes on the visitor. "Turned at the side it looks more English, don't you know, but at the front, it really gives a better effect." One considered the important question long and earnestly, and finally one gave the impartial opinion that it did look better at the front, and to the front it went.

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

MARGARET MORELAND
Leading woman with the Donald Robertson Players

It was difficult to come down from hats and color schemes to the mere trifle of a dramatic career that has graded from stock to leading parts in Broadway productions in two short years, but we accomplished the descent successfully, and then Miss Taylor said: "After all, it's merely a question of luck. I was playing the lead in a melodrama when a Shubert representative happened to come into the house to kill a half-hour before train time. He saw me, liked my work, went back to New York and then wrote me, offering me a contract. That's how I got my first New York engagement, and since then, it has been comparatively easy sailing.

"Oh, yes, I've had my hard times like everyone else. I rehearsed with a Chicago production once which ran for just five days, and a girl in the company loaned me one hundred dollars to get home. I've been broke and sick and everything, but through it all, I was

determined *not* to give up, resolved that I *would* win out, and here I am, a little way up the ladder, at least."

That she will go farther seems inevitable, for Miss Taylor has talent, youth, beauty, charm and perfect health, as well as a "good start". Who, then, will gainsay her chances of success?

THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT

IT IS remarkable how fashions change in plays as in clothes. Two years ago all the dramas hinged on the Seventh Commandment, and we had the unfaithful wife and the erring husband until ministers were denouncing the stage from the pulpit and serious-minded women were forming clubs to purify the drama.

With the success of *Paid in Full*, the Eighth Commandment came into vogue and now thieves perform their feats of roguery in full view of enthusiastic audiences who applaud approvingly when the clever rascal gets off scot free, and laugh uproariously at the discomfiture of the police, the representatives of law and order.

It used to be argued that the problem play imperiled the sanctity of our homes, but no one complains that the new order is teaching the young man and woman to steal.

Why? Can it be possible that the seventh is the only commandment which seriously concerns the moralist? If all are equally important, why not condemn *Alias Jimmie Valentine*, *Arsene Lupin* and the score of lesser dramas which show the thief, repentant, of course, as an honored member of society, his sins forgotten by the world and himself.

In *Arsene Lupin*, a clever young thief, whose name gives the title to the play, impersonates the Duke of Charmerac, who really died on a hunting trip, and finds Parisian society ready to receive him with open arms. As the *fiance* of Germaine Gournay-Martin, whose father has a rare collection of pictures, tapestries and jewels, Arsene has access to every part of the house, and also allows himself to become deeply enamored of Sonia Kritchnoff, Germaine's companion.

Sonia, a young Russian girl, has been persistently stealing from Germaine, and she is afraid to allow herself to even think of the love of the Duke of Charmerac, until finally by the ruse of Guerchard, the chief of secret police, Arsene Lupin is trapped in the Duke's home. There, in the presence of the detective, they confess their love to each other and Lupin agrees to purchase Sonia's liberty with his own freedom.

She is allowed to go, and then Lupin terrorizes the detective and his assistants with a fake bomb, and disappears in an elevator concealed in the wall. He gets away with Sonia and his booty, and the audience applauds while Guerchard tears his hair and curses the name of Arsene Lupin.

MODEST MARGARET MORELAND

A YOUNG actress who will be heard from is Margaret Moreland, leading woman with the Donald Robertson players who are doing educational work of genuine value to dramatic art.

Miss Moreland, when asked for a synopsis of her career, modestly says that there is nothing really to tell.

"I was born in Baltimore, Indiana, educated at the Convent of Notre Dame of Indiana. My first stage engagement was as Mimi, the model, in the Savage version of *The Devil*. Then I was featured in vaudeville with a sketch called *Fisherman's Luck*.

"A stock engagement with Virginia Harned followed, and I played in *Iris*, *Anna Karenina* and *The Dancing Girl*. After another stock engagement, I joined the Donald Robertson Players, and this season have played 'Dorine' in Moliere's *Tartuffe*, the best thing I have done so far; 'Bettina' in Sudermann's *Happiness in a Corner*; 'Mrs. Merriman' in *The Art of Life*; 'Chispa' in *The Mayor of Zalamaya*, one of Calderon's players. That's an uninteresting, chronological recital, isn't it? But I don't know how to talk about careers or that sort of thing, and there really isn't much I can say."

But the critics say much more, and all of them predict a brilliant career for Miss Moreland, whose beginnings promise much.

HAVANA

ONE of the prettiest of the musical comedies that have come out of New York is *Havana*, in which James T. Powers, or "Jimmie," as he is more familiarly known, is starring.

What can one say about it? Nothing, except that it is a riot of pretty girls with fresh, artistic costumes forming a color combination of unusual charm, and that it exploits "Jimmie" Powers, who is always the same, whether in the *locale* of *Havana* or *The Blue Moon*, or any one of the score of other musical shows in which he has starred. Like Frank Daniels, caviar or olives, "Jimmie" is an acquired taste. However, his red wig, his pathetic, wheezy voice-with-tears-in-it, and his nondescript clothes still glad the people, so what cares Jimmie for carping criticism?

Miss Edith Decker, the prima donna of the piece, looks charming and sings well, and for the rest—"Hello, People," the telephone number, and "How Does the Bird Know That?" are "whistleable," and other musical numbers are fair.

PIERROT

BY HELEN CLARK BALMER

MY LITTLE friend meets me at the front door whenever I go out or come in. I suppose it is the possession of liberty that he vaguely recognizes in my goings and comings, and the wish to share my freedom is always with him; although, at a discouraging word, he docilely goes back to his particular window-seat to watch me out of sight. Then I feel, somewhat contritely, that he will heave a lone-doggie sigh and put his dear head on his curly paws to await my return. As I ring the bell he leaps to the door-knob, on the inner side, testifying by much barking and vigorous working of his short tail how gladly he would open the heavy door. But six pounds of Yorkshire terrier, plus all this fervid enthusiasm, equals one hundred pounds of solid oak paneling; or, in other words, noise versus weight brings a new factor (the maid), who eliminates the obdurate term and solves the problem. One hundred minutes of absence warrant a score or so of rapturous touches of his warm tongue on my hands and face, before he quiets down utterly exhausted with emotion. Short tremors of contentment prove that he is not asleep, and the glint of a bright eye, through his soft thatch of hair, warns me of his watchfulness. For a while I dare not move beyond his jealous care; and so, to rid myself of an almost burdensome attention, I gently roll his ball across the floor. R-r-r-ruff! The scamp is off, tumbling over the rugs, under the tables and chairs, resembling a badly shaken rug himself or an animated moth-eaten muff in a series of kinemetographic pictures.

My small friend has a long English pedigree, and bears the French name for a clown. But he is equally as indifferent to ancestry as to a libelous appellation, obviously preferring meaty chicken-bones or after-dinner coffee to either. Moreover, like the rose, there are reasons why one name will do as well as another, so he appropriates all terms of endearment to himself. Although soft-hearted, Pierrot is not susceptible to all advances, and his genuine attachments are few. However, he is partial to lady callers, a slight sneeze being tantamount to affable interest in one's personality.

If teased, his growling is really artistic, for it is the very perfection of make-believe.

Next to his human friends, he adores the family cat; but he has two terrors —a thunder-storm and our parrot, the latter having one day ill-treated his shoe-button nose on one of its tours of investigation. Since then, his point-of-view has been socially more elevated and less inquisitive.

But to appreciate Pierrot thoroughly you should see those gentle brown eyes, that might illumine the face of a child, looking wistfully into yours. Then, indeed, you would be quite ready to believe in the transmigration of souls.

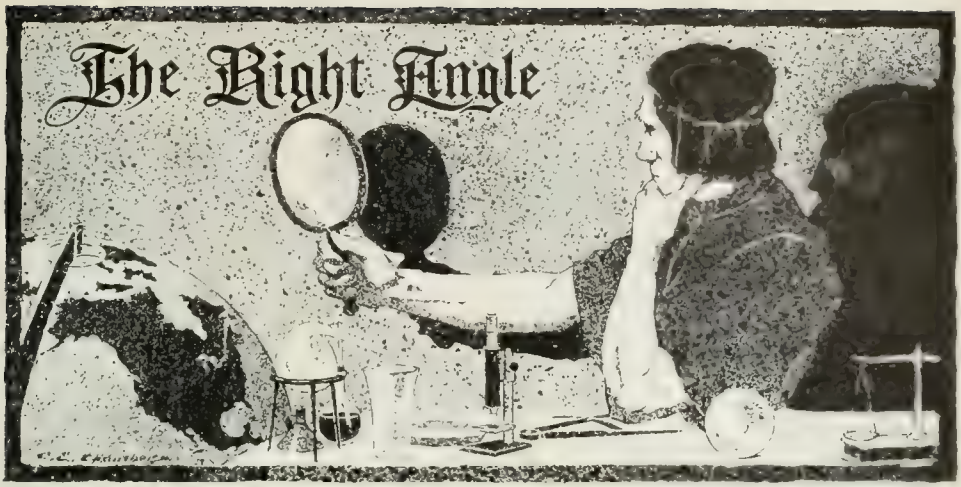
THE RESTLESS HEART

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTSON

OH, LET me go!
Let me out 'neath the trees,
With the wild wand'ring breeze,
Let me breathe the pure air,
Blowing fresh, blowing fair,
See the heavens' clear blue,
And the stars shining true—
Oh let me out, let me out!

Let me free, let me go!
For the stars are my friends,
And the night o'er me bends,
There my soul is at rest
By the night-wind caressed,
And I wander at will
When the world is so still,
Let me out, Oh let me out!

Into the night! Oh, into the night!
Oh Star-world, I come forth to thee,
For my spirit is sad,
Ah, the dreams I have had!
Now the demon Unrest
On my heart-strings hath pressed,
And all thro' my brain
Such a wild maddening pain—
Oh Star-world, I come forth to thee!



THE NEW NORTH

IN "The New North," by Agnes Deans Cameron (D. Appleton and Company, New York), the author starts at Chicago and takes her reader due northwest until the edge of the Polar Ocean is reached. The narrative is easy, the style conversational. From Winnipeg the summer jaunt cuts through Calgary in the foothills and reaches Edmonton, the end of steel. Leaving behind the 1,000-mile wheat farm of the prairies, Miss Cameron takes stage at Edmonton for the journey to Athabasca Landing. From this point all the way to the Arctic lip, the route is by water.

Drifting by star-light in flat-bottomed "Sturgeon-head," with the wild geese overhead, with hair-breath 'scapes, she passes down the Athabasca to Fort McMurray. Here the scow gives place to steamer and Fort Chipeweyan is reached. Next, in company with an Indian-Treaty - Payment Detachment, the party crosses Lake Athabasca to its eastern extremity, until there steps off the deck of the little tug the first white woman at Fond du Lac. North and west the journey continues across Lake Athabasca, down the Slave River to Smith's Landing. At Fort Smith, straightened quarters give place to luxury, and passage is taken in the spacious new steamer, "Mackenzie River," of the Hudson's Bay Company. Across Great Slave Lake the journey continues, and in the marvellous unbroken sunlight of the twenty-four-hour day we float down to the summer sea,—a strange new Arctic edge where wild roses manifest cheek by jowl with tame Eskimo. The return journey by the Peace River is full of marvel. Here, travelling against, instead of with the stream, the process is by "tracking", that is, towing open boats "by the power o' man". For upwards of six weeks we make this slow traverse of the Peace, noting the lush meadows, splendid forests, and magnificent water-powers of this Last Great West.

THREE OF A KIND—YOUNG CHIPEWEYANS

Coming out at Vermilion-on-the-

AN ARCTIC GROUP THREE GENERATIONS OF OO-VAI-OO-AK FAMILY

Peace in latitude 58° 30′ north, we glimpse with the author the red roofs of America's farthest north flour mills, and see the great fields of grain white for the harvest. From Vermilion we are led across the Peace River to identify the historic spot, the last camp of Alexander Mackenzie whence he started in the spring of 1793, the first man to make a traverse "across Canada by land" to the Pacific north of the latitude of Mexico. Along the Peace River trail we follow for a hundred miles to Lesser Slave Lake, and so out by the Athabasca once more to the fatted ways of civilization. In all, the journey has covered 10,000 miles, and has taken us six months to accomplish —from mid-May to mid-November.

* * * *

What is the excuse for the putting-out of "The New North"? What has it added to the world of creative literature? What is its message? With a passing glimpse at the Prairie Provinces of Canada, that present-day "melting-pot of the nations," the book leads us to contemplate the newer north beyond the Saskatchewan. We learn of the latent wealth of the Athabasca, its gas wells and oil springs and salt deposits with its outcroppings of coal and tarsands and all the rich dower of timber, fur and fish. We visit each trading-post of the Hudson's Bay Company and read the story of Milady's furs in its first chapters. We travel with the Mounted Police, the half-breed trapper and the solitary priest. Incidentally we gather data and find new facts regarding wild flowers, migrating birds and all the mammals from white ermine to black fox, from rabbit to musk-ox. On the lip of the Arctic we foregather with the whaler from San Francisco who is blithely carrying out from Canadian waters all the rich spoils of the bow-head whale,—the Yankee peddler in Canada's back yard!

Three whole chapters of the book are devoted to the Eskimos of the Mackenzie Delta, the hitherto unexploited Nunatalmute and Kojmollyc tribes,—and another chapter deals with Arctic whaling, deprecating the indifference shown by Canada to this spoliation of

our rich dower. The chapters on the fertility of the great Peace River country are illuminating, the writer claiming that north of the Saskatchewan and west of the Mackenzie are available one hundred million acres of land capable of producing hard wheat. Here, we are told, is a country capable of maintaining a large agrarian population,—it awaits only the coming of the railway.

The story is rich in incident,—the wreck of the "Sturgeon-head" on the Athabascan Rapids, the drowning of Vedeed in the swirl of the Mackenzie, the navigating of the Peace River chutes, the gruesome experience of Cannibal Louise the Wetigo. The sportsman will be interested in the fishing stories, the killing of the moose on the Peace, the conservation of the herd of wood-bison on the Slave. The accurate information of the flora and fauna met with all along the route forms a welcome addition to our too-scanty knowledge of Canadian sub-Arctic lore. The recorded facts regarding Arctic life and Arctic food are both valuable and interesting.

Miss Cameron excels in striking catch-words, they give a telegraphic, a silhouette effect to the narrative. Take, for example, these headings selected from the index of the book: "A Waldorf-Astoria of the Wilderness," "Sentinels of the Silence," "Grey Nuns and Brown Babies," "Fern-Odours by Untravelled Ways," "Carlyle Among the Chipeweyans," "The Hermit Padre and the Hermit Thrush," "Worn North Trails of the Trapper," "The Little Church of the Open Door," "Floating Fathers," "The Chauncey Depew of the Kojmollyes," "Pink Tea at the Pole," "Jurisprudence on Ice."

As one scans these headings he gets a realization of the wide scope of the book and the multitudinous topics touched upon. "The New North" is really a cyclopedic compendium of present day conditions in that vast hinterland that lies between Prairie Canada and the Polar Ocean. There are pickings by the wayside for the philologist, the

AGNES DEANS CAMERON, CANNIBAL LOUISE THE WETIGO AND HER LITTLE DAUGHTER

GLADYS MUIR
A seventeen year old girl of St. Catherines, Ontario, whose unusual story, "The Passing of Eve" appears in this number

nature-lover, the student of economics, the angler, the big-game hunter,—in short for any man or woman or child gifted with the great gift of the gods, gentle kindly humor. The book is readable, informative without being heavy, and surely will make its appeal to Canadians and to all non-Canadians who are "full of the mellow juice of life".

"SONGS OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW"

SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL'S "Songs of St. Bartholomew," which comes to us from the press of Alfred Bartlett, Boston, is a dainty volume of verse breathing the spirit of fairies and flowers and moonlight, the open road and all the delights of the gypsy heart. Many of the poems have appeared in CANADA MONTHLY, and have attracted wide attention throughout the Dominion. Does this excerpt tempt you to more? Listen:

Gipsy, gipsy, gipsy girl!
April's at the door,
April's whistling through the wood
Must I call once more?

Gipsy, gipsy, gipsy girl!
Keen across the night
Hylas flutes among the pools,
And the road's moon-white.

Gipsy, gipsy, gipsy girl!
Must I whistle still,
Waiting at your silent door
On the ferny hill?

Moonlit road and breaking sea,
Wet wind from the south!
Gipsy, all your lover lacks
Is your scarlet mouth!

To those who appreciate exquisite verse, this little book will be a joy forever, and one awaits with interest Miss Birchall's next volume.

A NEW CANADIAN SHIP

NEWSPAPERS just received from England bring accounts of the launching of the "Prince Rupert," the first ship of the fleet that is being built for the Grand Trunk Pacific to supplement its land lines and enable passengers and goods to pass in the hands of a second British carrying company from Europe to the other side of the world, across Canada and both oceans. The occasion may well be credited with unusual significance in commercial history, since it is part of a movement that cannot fail to advance enormously the trade of several other countries and the prosperity of our own. This was in part the theme of Alderman Hunter, of Newcastle, one of the speakers, who described the Grand Trunk Pacific as having historic importance, and referred especially to the effect the development of its territory in Canada would have upon world-affairs. The completion of the enterprise will make it possible to go around the world by ship and rail in twenty-eight days twelve hours, by a northern route, emerging on the Pacific at a port that was undreamed of only a few years ago. Mrs. Richard L. Newman, of Victoria, "christened" the new ship. It will go into commission as soon as the machinery and fittings are in place.

HUGH STUART CAMPBELL

An artist who has a continental reputation for his portrait sketches from life of stage folk

A SONG OF THE HOMELAND

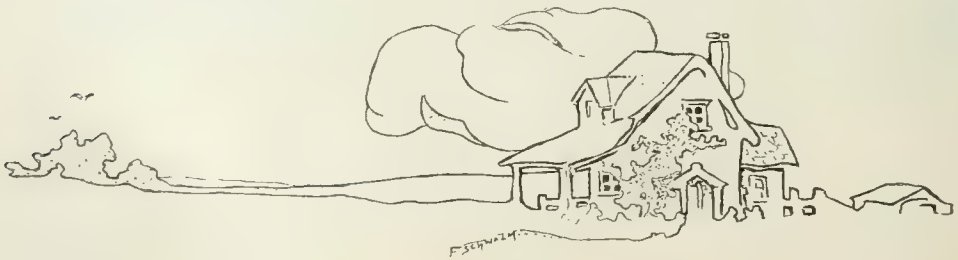
BY FRANK OLIVER CALL

I'LL sing you a song of the Homeland,
  Though the strains be of little worth,
A song of our own loved Homeland,
  Of the noblest land upon earth,
Where the tide of the main from oceans twain
  Beats high on its sunlit shores,
And the breezes sweep from the southern deep
  Till they blend with the ice-pack's roars.

I'll sing you a song of the Eastland,
  Of the land where our fathers died,
Where Saxon and Frank, their feuds long dead,
  Are sleeping side by side.
And their sons still toil on the sacred soil
  On the breast of the mighty sea,
Or they wander forth to the west and north
  To conquer wherever they be.

I'll sing you a song of the Westland
  Where the magic cities rise,
And the endless plains of golden grains
  Wave under the azure skies.
Where the mountains grim in the clouds stretch dim
  Far north to the Arctic land,
Till the northern light in its mystic flight
  Flares over the gold-strewn strand.

But 'tis all a song of the Homeland
  Be it north or east or west,
A land for a nation's dwelling,
  And God has given His best.
So, toil we on through dark or dawn,
  'Neath fair or stormy skies,
Till hand in hand, from strand to strand,
  A mighty nation rise.



BOUND TO WORRY

WE note that our apprehensive friend is evidently greatly wrought up over some trouble and ask him what occasions his distress of mind.

"All these auto accidents," he answers. "I am so worried over the danger of riding in one of the machines."

"But you don't own one," we reassure him.

"I know. I am worrying over how much I would be worried if I did own one."

HOW HE LOST HIS JOB

"MR. NOSSITT," said the new man, who has been engaged as a literary adviser in the publicity department of the railway, "it seems to me that when we designate a man as traveling passenger agent, we are tautological, at the least."

"We are what?" asked the superior.

"Tautological. What does a traveling passenger agent do?"

"He goes around and gets people to ride over our lines, of course."

"Yes. He gets passengers. Why call him a traveling passenger agent? Of a necessity, a passenger must be a traveling passenger."

"How's that?"

"I say a passenger must be a traveling one or he isn't any good to us—in fact, he cannot be a passenger at all. A passenger is some one who travels. The statement that we send out an agent to get traveling passengers is absurd on the face of it, and"

"You may convert yourself into a traveling passenger to the street, with a stop-over at the cashier's office long enough to get what is due you to date," snorted the superior, whirling back to his desk.

AS TO TROUSERS

SENATOR BEVERIDGE and Wilton Lackaye both have this story attributed to them. It seems that an eccentric congressman was once taken to task by a constituent because of his threadbare clothing.

"A man in your position," said the constituent critically, "ought to wear handsomer trousers than that."

The congressman, offended, answered reproachfully:

"My trousers may be shabby, but they cover a warm and honest heart."

THE MAN HIGHER UP

"WHAT'S all this stuff in the papers about Mars?" asks the chief of his sleuthy assistant.

"The planet will be 10,000,000 miles closer to us than it has been for years, and the astronomers think it is inhabited."

"Train a squad of picked men to run air ships and use telescopes," orders the chief, who is wearily conducting an anti-graft crusade. "There's a chance they may locate the man higher up."

ROSES

By Carolyn B. Styles

BABY fingers softly touching
The sweet roses white and red;
Roses climbing through the casement,
Nodding o'er the snowy bed.
Baby's life is just beginning
In this June-tide, calm and fair;
And the roses all are flinging
Showers of fragrance on the air.
Dimpled fingers tightly grasping
The sweet roses white and red.

Childish fingers idly playing
With the roses white and red;
Roses pushing through the casement
Falling on the golden head.
Girlhood now is just beginning
With the June-tide, clear and bright.
And the roses still are bringing
Sweetest perfume day and night.
Careless fingers lightly holding
The sweet roses white and red.

Maiden fingers deftly choosing
From the roses white and red;
Roses hurrying through the casement,
As they hear the fairy tread,
Married life is just beginning,
In the June-tide this befell,
And the roses closely clinging
Could not bear to say farewell.
Snowy fingers gently pressing
The sweet roses white and red.

Woman's fingers, pulseless lying
'Mid the roses white and red;
Roses drooping through the casement,
Watching now above the dead.
Life on earth is at its ending
In this June-tide of the year,
And the roses low are bending
'Neath the weight of many a tear.
Lifeless fingers loosely clasping
The sweet roses white and red.

DID HE WIN?

"HAVE you any of this?" asks the man, entering the drug store and handing the proprietor a piece of paper bearing some writing.

"Yes, we have lots of it," answers the druggist, reading the word on the paper. "How much podophyllin do you want?"

"None at all, thank you. I simply wanted to decide a bet on how the word should be pronounced."

THE FOOL'S SONG

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

I WANDER on by dale and down,
I know not where may be the way,
Nor if before me lie the town,
Or if I passed it yesterday.

The Night Men called to left and right,
The Shadow Witch sat by the fen,
When, mazed with elfish lure and light,
I stumbled on the fairy men.

I seek—I know not what I seek.
I still desire—but have forgot,
I spy afar strange chimney-reek,
And hope to find—I know not what.

Witless I fare by holm and mere,
I wander on a weary way,
And look beyond my haunting fear
In hope once more to see the day.

POETIC JUSTICE.

"NO," remarks the editor, with a mocking smile. "I cannot use your verse. You will pardon me for saying that they utterly lack sense, rhythm, meter, idea, form, construction and everything else that should be in a poem."

With a proud though peeved heart the poet strode from the magazine office, took his verses to a popular song publisher, had them printed, and within six months, a millionaire, came back, bought the magazine and fired the editor.

INTERESTING FIGURES

"WITHIN ten years after that," the lecturer is saying as we enter the hall, "the seas will be completely filled and the surface of the earth will be covered to a height of forty-nine feet, so that only the tops of the tall trees will be visible."

"What is he talking about?" we ask the person next to us.

"He is predicting what will happen after everybody begins living and traveling in air ships and throwing empty bottles, tin cans and old clothes over the stern."

THE WINNIPEG BONSPIEL

WHERE THE CURLERS OF A CONTINENT GATHER FOR THEIR BIGGEST AND BEST FESTIVAL. ONE OF THE GREAT SPORTING EVENTS OF THE WORLD.

BY GEORGE M. HALL

THE curlers of a continent gather at the Winnipeg Bonspiel, an annual event that is held in February and which is without figure or hyperbole, one of the great sporting events of the world.

Curling is king of Canadian winter sports. Hockey has its followers, snowshoeing and tobogganing their devotees, but curling can claim subjects in thousands and hold them in the thrall of a game that is second only to billiards in the severe simplicity of its elemental parts and the remarkable results that are obtained by the application of skill and judgment to the use of the tools of the game. Given good ice, stones, broom knowledge of the game and the skill and nice adjustment of force and coaxing that come of long practice—to some—and the sporting Diogenes in search of a thoroughly honest, soul compelling sport, need go no farther than curling—curling is his quest; his search is ended, his longing satisfied.

Yours fraternally
Peter Lyall, Jr.

PETER LYALL, JR.
President of Manitoba Curling Association

Clearly, this is the thought of the subjects of King Curling whose kingdom had humble beginnings in Canada. Of course, it was brought over from Scotland where stane and besom had flourished long years and the roarin' game had been brought to a high state of art, but—like those who brought it to Canada—it flourished in its new home. It is recorded of the organization that holds the Winnipeg Bonspiel each year — The Manitoba Curling Association—

that it began its career twenty-one years ago with three clubs and possibly a hundred members. To-day there are affiliated with the Association no less than one hundred and eighteen clubs made up of more than four thousand members—good progress for Canadian curling and excellent growth for an organization which has, as the dean of the game—J. P. Robertson, of Winnipeg — remarked, just come to the age of legal majority.

Out of that inconspicuous beginning, the organization and growth of curling has spread over the length and breadth of Canada to such an extent that the Winnipeg Bonspiel is the great curling event of the season. Other bonspiels there are by the score—and very interesting ones, too—but Winnipeg is the daddy of them all and during Bonspiel week all curling roads lead to the capital of Manitoba and all curlers follow the roads of their game.

J. W. DEC. O'GRADY
Vice-President of Manitoba Curling Association

From Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, British Columbia and far-away Yukon to the west, from Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces to the east, from all the northern and northwestern states to the south, curlers pour into Winnipeg to take part in the big Bonspiel. Six years ago a party of curlers came over from Scotland and this year rinks are expected from Boston and New York, besides those from Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Butte, Montana and from cities and towns in the Dakotas It takes the men from Dawson City four weeks to make the trip to Winnipeg if they have no mishap, and the fact that they compete for the privilege of making their long journey at their own expense shows the high estate of curling in the estimation of the Yukoner.

But, indeed, the game's the thing in other places than the Yukon. The Right Honorable Earl Grey is honorary life patron of the curling association under whose auspices the Winnipeg Bonspiel is held. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, that remarkable man who was formerly Donald A. Smith of the Hudson's Bay Company, and is now Lord High Commissioner of Canada,—stands sponsor for one of the chief prizes competed for—the Royal Caledonian Cup—and also gives, this year, four silver coffee pots valued at one hundred dollars. That other representative of His Majesty, Sir Daniel H. McMillan, K. C., M.G., Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba, also offers a handsome silver cup for annual competition and four gold lockets, these to go to the members of the rink that wins the Lieutenant Governor's cup. A magnificent trophy, both artistic and valuable, is donated by the Western Canada Flour Mills Company, Limited. Eleven massive silver tankards that go as high as four hundred dollars in individual value, and a

EARL GREY
Honorary Life Patron of Manitoba Curling Association

S. A. MCGAW
Vice-President and General Manager of the Western Canada Flour Mills Company, Limited, Winnipeg.

legion of lesser, but still handsome and valuable prizes, further bespeak the high esteem in which curling is held among the patrons of the Bonspiel. The cups are held for a year only by the winners, but the lesser prizes—comprising gold watches, diamonds, silverware, jewelry and many other articles of use and beauty—become the property of those who win them.

Two hundred rinks will compete this year and Bonspiel week will be Winnipeg's chief winter holiday season, as it has been for twenty-one years. Last year some of the leading lights of Canadian curling were over in Scotland whither they went to return a visit paid by Scottish curlers to Winnipeg five years before. Some indication of the quality of Canada's game may be had from the fact that the curlers who went "home" last year beat the best rinks of the Old Country with ease.

This year they are all on hand for the Winnipeg Bonspiel to make that event the bigger and better. From the ninth to the nineteenth, Winnipeg will keep open house to curlers from far and wide. All day long on weekdays, there will be curling at the rinks and Sundays the pastors of Winnipeg churches will preach sermons, whichf if they do not specifically relate to curling, will come as near to it as Scriptural warrant can be found. Winnipeg stores will have their windows dressed in curling costumes and a good sized department of the City Hall will be given over to Bonspiel business, of which there is a good deal, for it is no small task to arrange and assign the play of two hundred rinks for ten days. The Mayor of Winnipeg will deliver an address of welcome to visiting curlers and the City Hall tower will blaze forth the city's greeting in electric letters by night. There will be no news but curling news in the daily papers, no conversation but that which relates to curling, in public. Men will curl and ladies will curl and other men and other ladies will watch them and applaud their skill or commiserate their lack of it. Doctors, lawyers, bankers, preachers, editors, clerks, reporters, mechanics; all will join in the Bonspiel and the enjoyment that goes with it. The city will, in short, be given over to curling, for the Winnipeg Bonspiel is the court week of King Curling and the chosen seat of His Majesty's government must needs be devoted, body and soul, to the celebration of this chief event of his reign.

A. A. GILROY
Manager T. Eaton Company, which has donated $500 for a big Bonspiel fund for 1911